

THE BURNING OF SMYRNA.—THE CARPENTIER-SIKI FIGHT.

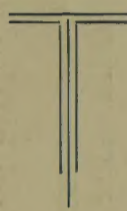
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

1/

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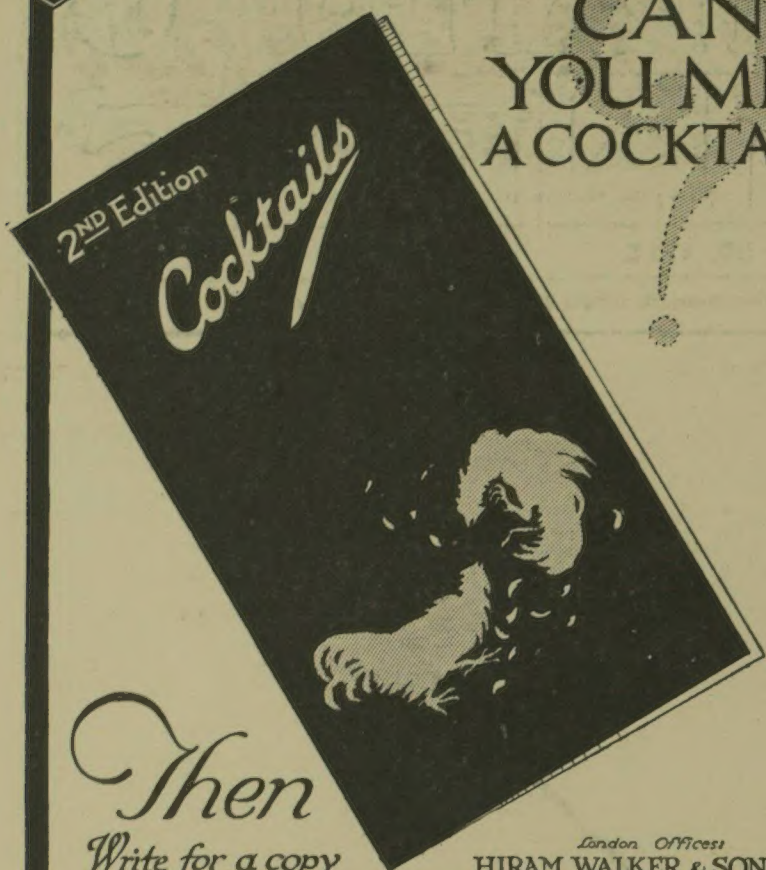
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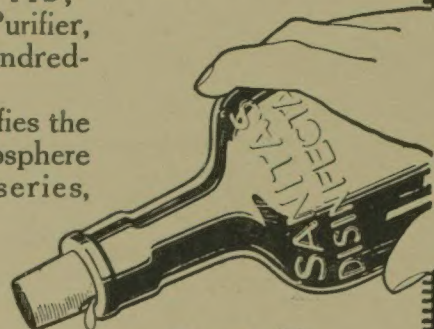
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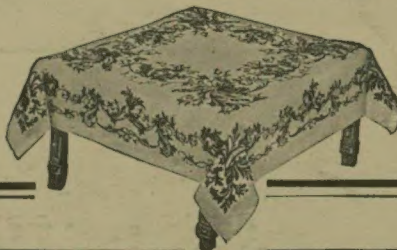
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1922.

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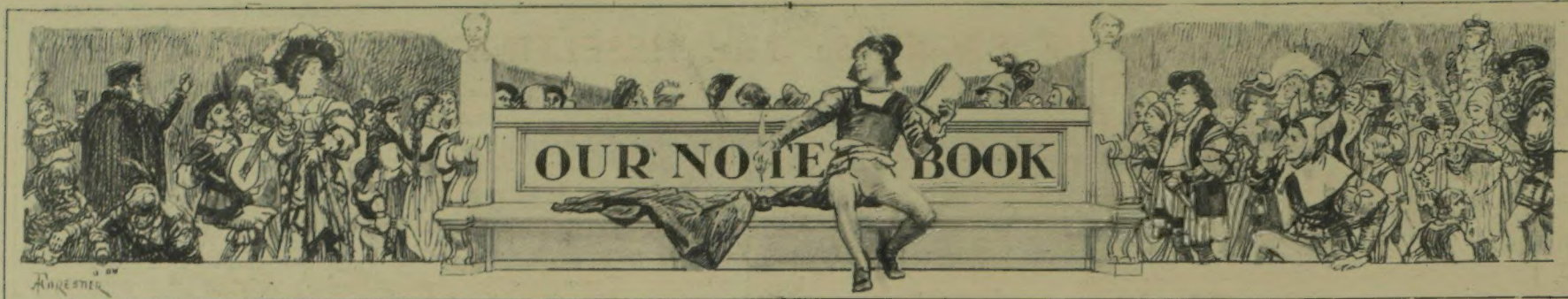


**THE PRINCE OF WALES AS A GOLFER: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, WHO IS THE NEW CAPTAIN
OF THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT CLUB.**

The Prince of Wales arranged to "play himself in" as captain-elect of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club at St. Andrews, according to the time-honoured ceremony, on Wednesday, September 27, the Autumn Medal day. The captain-elect drives only one ball, from the first tee, and by so doing becomes the holder for the year of the Queen Adelaide Medal and the Silver Club. Immediately the captain strikes the ball a cannon is fired. The captaincy was founded in 1754, and many famous

men have held the post, including King Edward and Prince Leopold, who did not, however, "play themselves in" in person. Earl Haig was captain in 1920, and the Earl of Balfour in 1894. During his visit to St. Andrews, the Prince of Wales received the freedom of the burgh, and on the 28th he arranged to receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws of St. Andrews University, from Earl Haig as Lord Rector. The Prince has a number of public engagements ahead.

PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

AN organ of the Nonconformist Conscience, while commenting very kindly on my recent remarks about America, naturally went on to criticise, though equally kindly, my remarks about Prohibition. Now, so far as I am concerned, the problem is not so much Prohibition with a large P as prohibition with a small one. I mean, I am interested not so much in liquor as in liberty. I want to know on what principle the prohibitionists are proceeding in this case, and how they think it applies to any other case. And I cannot for the life of me make out. They might be expected to argue that there is something peculiar in principle about the position of liquor, and make that the basis for attacking liquor. But in point of fact they do not attack liquor; they do quite simply attack liberty. I mean that they are satisfied with saying about this liberty what can obviously be said about any liberty—that it can be, and is, abominably abused. If that had been a final objection to any form of freedom, there never would have been any form of freedom. And there most notably would never have been the particular forms of freedom which are most sacred to the Nonconformist Conscience. The Nonconformists have demanded liberty to secede, though they knew it led to an anarchy of sects and spiteful controversies. They have demanded the license to print, though they knew it involved the license to print twenty falsehoods to one truth. I suppose there is nothing in history of which the modern Puritan would be more innocently proud than the thing called the Liberty of the Press, which arose out of the pamphleteering of the seventeenth century, and especially the great pamphlet of Milton. Yet everything that Milton says, about allowing controversy in spite of its dangers, could be applied word for word to the case of allowing drinking in spite of its dangers. Is not the virtue that shuts itself up in a temperance hotel a fugitive and cloistered virtue? Is not the morality that dare not have wine on the table, or in the town, emphatically one that dares not sally out to meet its enemy? All Milton's arguments for freedom are arguments for beer; and, of course, Milton himself would certainly have applied them to beer. The highly successful brewer to whom he was Latin secretary—a gentleman of the name of Williams, otherwise Cromwell—would hardly have been pleased with him if he had not applied them to beer.

For instance, the critic whom I am here venturing to criticise says that people differ about Prohibition according to their knowledge or ignorance of the dreadful state of the slums, the ravages of alcoholism in our industrial cities, and all the rest of it. Whether or no this be a good argument against the public-house, there is no doubt that I could easily turn it against the public Press. I could insist that I am a common Cockney Fleet Street journalist who has done nightly work for daily papers and fed off nocturnal potato-stalls; whereas he is probably a cultivated Congregationalist minister writing in a library of theological works. I might say that I know better than he does, or than most people do, the cynicism and the vulgarity and the vices of journalism. But, as a matter of fact, the vices of journalism have by this time become as evident to the people who read journals as to the people who write them. All responsible people are complaining of the power and condition of the Press, and no people more than these earnest and ethical Nonconformists. It is they who complain most bitterly that a Jingo Press can manufacture war. It is they who declare most indignantly that a sensational Press is undermining morality. They often, to my mind, unduly confuse matters of morality with matters of taste. They often, to my mind, denounce as mere jingoism what is simply the

deeply democratic and popular character of patriotism. But nobody will deny that to a large extent they are legitimately and logically alarmed about the abuses and absurdities of the newspapers. But they have not yet used this as an argument for a veto upon all newspapers. Why in the world should they use the parallel evils as an argument for a veto on all public-houses?

For my part, I do feel very strongly about the frivolity and irresponsibility of the Press. It seems impossible to exaggerate the evil that can be done by a corrupt and unscrupulous Press. If drink directly ruins the family, it only indirectly ruins the nation. But bad journalism does directly ruin the nation, considered as a nation; it acts on the corporate national will and sways the common national decision.



TO MARRY THE EX-KAISER IN NOVEMBER: PRINCESS HERMINE OF SCHÖNAICH CAROLATH, WITH THREE OF HER CHILDREN.

The ex-Kaiser's engagement to Princess Hermine of Schönaich Carolath, daughter of Prince Henry XXII. of Reuss, has been officially announced, and the marriage is expected to take place at Doorn in November. Princess Hermine, who was born in 1897, is the widow of the late Prince Johann Georg of Schönaich Carolath, who died in 1920. She has four children, Prince George William (born 1909), Princess Hermine (born 1910), Prince Ferdinand (born 1913), and Princess Henrietta (born 1918). The late ex-Kaiserin, the Empress Augusta Victoria, died on April 11 last year.—[Photograph by James's Press Agency.]

It may force a decision in a few hours that will be an incurable calamity for hundreds of years. It may drive a whole civilisation to defeat, to slavery, to bankruptcy, to universal famine. Even at this moment there are prominent papers wildly urging us to war—not with our foes but with our friends. There are some journalists so wicked as to want war, almost for its own sake; there are more journalists so weak-minded as to work for war without even wanting it. Let me give one example out of fifty of the sort of phrases that flash by us when we turn over the papers. A headline in enormous letters announces that the French are "scuttling" out of the disputed areas in the Near East. The phrase about scuttling, and the policy of scuttle, has been familiar and firmly established in English journalism as meaning a cowardly and servile surrender, admitting abject defeat. And

the suggestion is that the French, being notoriously a nation of cowards, having that tendency to panic produced by a habit of dancing and a diet of frogs, can vividly be pictured as scampering with screams of terror from the sight of a Turk with a drawn sabre. This is the way our newspapers improve our relations with our Allies. Only the newspaper men seem to have got a little mixed in their eagerness to expatiate on the wide field of French vileness and ignominy. Only a little while ago the same papers were telling us that the French were furious filibusters, forcing war in every corner of the world. We were told that it was France which was militaristic and aggressive, and all her rivals were made to scuttle. We were told that it was the Frenchman and not the Turk who was the terrible person holding the drawn sabre. In plain words, these journalists are resolved to show that whatever the French do is wrong. If they advance, they are arrogant; if they retreat, they are cowardly. If they keep an army beyond the Rhine, they are pursuing a policy of militarism; if they withdraw an army from somewhere else, they are pursuing a policy of scuttle. Where M. Poincaré is ready to fight, he is a fire-eater who cares for nothing but fighting; where he is not ready to fight, he is a poltroon who is always notoriously too timid to fight. The careful selection of language of this sort, for a given period, might quite possibly land us in a European war—a war in which we should be certainly on the wrong side, and almost certainly on the losing side.

Suppose I come forward with this great reform of the Prohibition of the Press. Suppose I suggest that the police should forcibly shut up all the newspaper-offices, as the other reformers wish to shut up all the public-houses. What answer will the Puritan moralists make to me, or on what principle do they distinguish between the one reform and the other? There is no kind of doubt about the harm that journalism does; and their own line of argument precludes them from appealing merely to the good that it does. As a matter of fact, far better poems have been written in taverns than are ever likely to appear in daily papers. And, from Pantagruel to Pickwick, this form of festivity has a roll of literary glory to its credit which is never likely to be found in the back files of any newspaper that I know of. But the Puritans do not discuss the healthier tradition of wine; they consider their argument sufficiently supported by the unhealthy effects of gin and bad beer in the slums. And if we adopt that principle of judging by the worst, then the worst effects of the Press are far wider than the worst effects of the public-house. What exactly is the principle by which they distinguish between lawful and unlawful liberty, or mixed and unmixed license? I have a rough-and-ready test, which may be right or wrong, but which I can at least state; but where has their test been stated? I say that the sim-

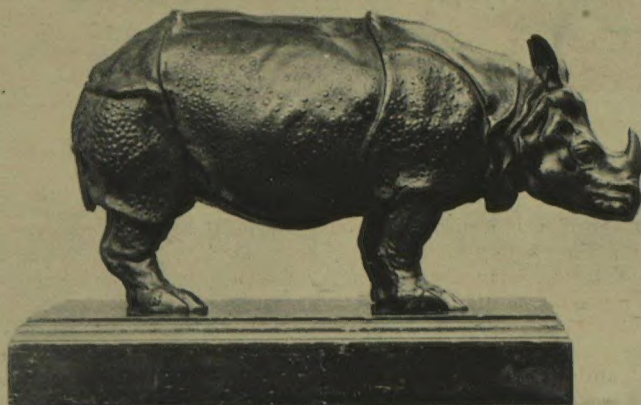
plest form of freedom is that which distinguishes the free man from the slave—the ownership of his own body and his own bodily activities. That there is a risk in allowing him this ownership is obvious, and has always been obvious. The risk is not confined to the question of drink, but covers the whole question of health. But surely the other forms of freedom, such as freedom to print, are very much more indirect and disputable. A newspaper may be made the instrument of the vilest sort of swindling or starving of a whole people. Why are we to grant the remote right, and deny the intimate right? Moreover, a newspaper is a new thing; if our fathers had the right to it, they never knew it. Fermented liquor is as old as civilisation, or older. But what I have asked for again and again is simply the principle of the Prohibitionists; and I am asking still.

ITALIAN RENAISSANCE BRONZES: THE HESELTINE COLLECTION SOLD.

By COURTESY OF THE PURCHASER, MR. ALFRED SPERO, 35, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S. PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



ANIMAL BRONZES: A GOAT (PROBABLY BY RICCIO); A HORSE AND AN ELEPHANT.



"ONE OF THE BEST ANIMAL BRONZES OF THE RENAISSANCE": A RHINOCEROS.



CONFIDENTLY ASCRIBED BY DR. BODE TO BENVENUTO CELLINI: "MINERVA."



SUPERBLY MODELLED: A SEATED BOY (FLORENTINE FIFTEENTH CENTURY—18 IN. HIGH).



LEADING CAIN, AND HOLDING ABEL IN HER ARMS: AN UNUSUAL STATUETTE OF EVE.



AN EXTRAORDINARY FIGURE OF A SICK WOMAN: (PAD-UAN, FIFTEENTH CENTURY).



OF THE SCHOOL OF DONATELLO: THE BOY HERMES, (5½ IN. HIGH).



ALLEGORICAL OF GEOGRAPHY: A FINE GROUP DATING FROM ABOUT 1550.



ONE OF THE EXQUISITE ANIMAL BRONZES: A SEATED GREYHOUND.



ATTRIBUTED TO ANTONIO POLLAIUOLO: MARSYAS PLAYING THE PIPE (HERE MISSING).

An event of great interest in the art world was the sale of the famous John P. Heseltine collection of Italian Renaissance bronzes, one of the only three private collections of importance left in this country. It has been bought by Mr. Alfred Spero, who has placed it on public view in his gallery at 35, King Street, St. James's. Mr. P. G. Konody, the well-known art critic, writes: "The Heseltine collection is practically unique as regards the rarity and artistic importance of the specimens. . . . One of the most fascinating pieces is a little fifteenth-century bronze horse, a most dignified, monumental conception, based clearly on one of the horses of St. Mark's in Venice, and more archaic in style than Donatello's

'Gattamelata' horse. . . . Quite delightful in its ingenuous charm, and superbly modelled, is a large bronze figure of a seated boy, a Florentine work, probably of the end of the fifteenth century, which in spirit is closely akin to Luca della Robbia. . . . In the case of the delightful figure of 'Minerva,' attributed by Dr. Bode to Benvenuto Cellini, the kinship of this graceful statuette with the Juno on the Perseus pedestal in the Loggia de' Lanzi is so clearly marked as to remove all doubt concerning the authorship. . . . The 'Marsyas, playing the double pipe (missing) in his contest with Apollo,' is ascribed to Antonio Pollaiuolo. . . . Among the chief treasures is a delicious Donatellesque 'Boy Hermes.'"

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

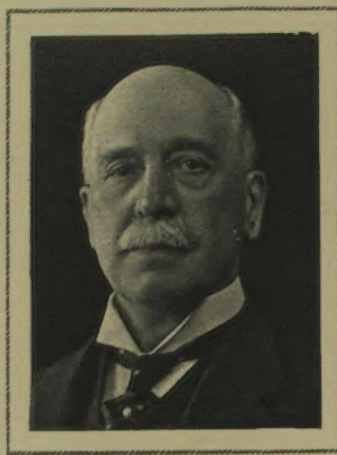
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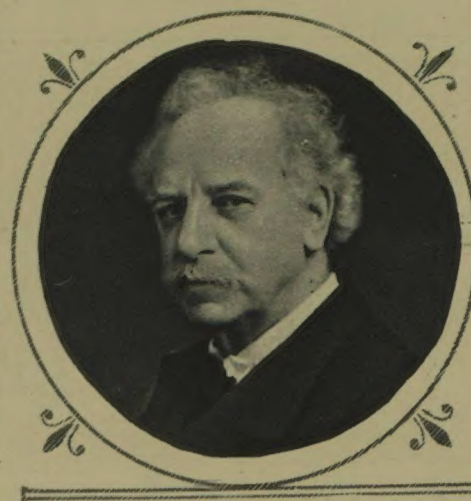
TO SUCCEED DR. SPILSBURY, THE HOME OFFICE ANALYST: DR. R. M. BRONTË.



FRENCH ENVOY TO KEMAL PASHA: M. FRANKLIN-BOUILLON.



THE SOUDAN IRRIGATION SCHEME: LORD COWDRAY.



A FAMOUS ENGLISH BARITONE SINCE 1857: THE LATE SIR CHARLES SANTLEY.



INCLUDING SIR HERBERT SAMUEL (HIGH COMMISSIONER), LADY SAMUEL, AND FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ALLENBY: A GROUP TAKEN IN JERUSALEM ON THE OCCASION OF THE RECENT CEREMONY OF THE PROCLAMATION OF THE PALESTINE MANDATE.



WINNER OF THE SURREY A.C. WALK FROM LONDON TO BRIGHTON: MR. E. C. HORTON.



NEW CHAIRMAN, TRADES UNION COUNCIL: MR. J. B. WILLIAMS.



PRESIDENT OF THE REICHSBANK: HERR HAVENSTEIN.



POLO-PLAYER AND SCULPTOR: THE LATE MR. C. C. RUMSEY.



AN EX-LORD CHAMBERLAIN: THE LATE EARL SPENCER.



THE ITALIAN HEIR-APPARENT IN ENGLAND: LANDING AT GRAVESEND.

Dr. R. M. Brontë, the new Home Office Pathologist, is of the same family as the famous Brontë sisters, the novelists.—M. Franklin-Bouillon left Paris on the 24th on a mission to Angora to urge Kemal Pasha to accept the Allies' terms.—Lord Cowdray is head of the firm of S. Pearson and Son, who have obtained a £4,000,000 contract for a great scheme of irrigation in the Soudan.—Sir Charles Santley, the famous baritone, was born at Liverpool in 1834, and first appeared as a soloist in 1857.—The central photograph, taken at Jerusalem, shows (from left to right, on chairs, in the front row) H.E. Rida Pasha Rikaki, Major Philby, Sir Wyndham Deedes, the Emir Abdullah, Lady Samuel, Sir Herbert Samuel, Field-Marshal Lord Allenby, General Tudor, and Sir Thomas Haycraft.

Mr. J. B. Williams, founder of the Musicians' Union, has been elected chairman of the General Council of the Trades Union Congress.—Herr Rudolph Havenstein, President of the German Reichsbank, recently came to London to confer with the Bank of England on matters relating to reparations.—Mr. Charles Cary Rumsey, the American polo-player, was equally well known as a sculptor, chiefly of horses and polo-ponies. He was killed in a motor accident on Long Island on the 21st.—Earl Spencer succeeded, as sixth Earl, in 1910. He had been created Viscount Althorp in 1905, when he became Lord Chamberlain of the Household.—The Prince of Piedmont, only son of the King of Italy, arrived at Gravesend on the 24th, on a private visit (his first) to this country.

KNOCKING-OUT OF CARPENTIER BY A NEGRO BOXER.

BY I. B.

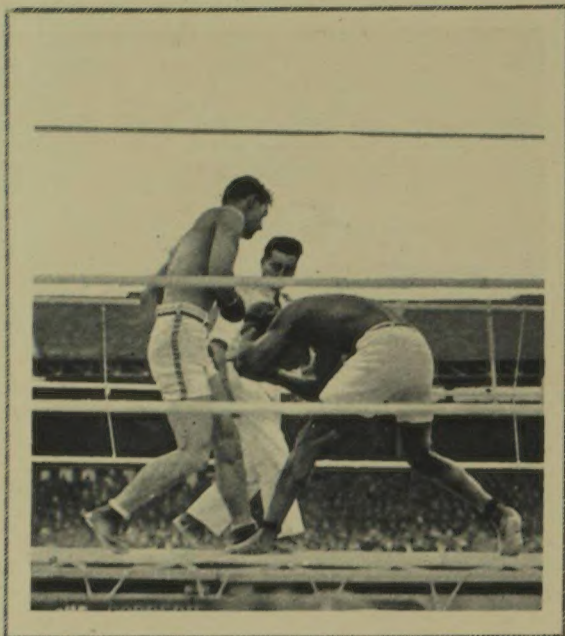


CARPENTIER: THE SCENE IN THE VELODROME AT THE KNOCK-OUT OF THE "IDOL."

he fought with the fury of a savage. No boxing. It was the kind of thing that must have been popular when men settled their disputes with stone hatchets. It was primeval, a throwback to the earliest days. Siki was in his glory. He had forsaken defence. He was drunk with the prospect of victory, and so he fought madly and terrifically. The end came when Carpentier suddenly collapsed and settled on his side. He fell like a chimney—one leg (the left) was hoisted in the air. So he remained for many, many seconds, the embodiment of tragedy. He was quite unable to move, for his limbs and his brain had all ceased to function. He was eventually carried to his corner a sad heap." Incidents of the fight are illustrated on another page in this number.

THE GREAT FIGHT FROM START TO FINISH: SIKI v. CARPENTIER.

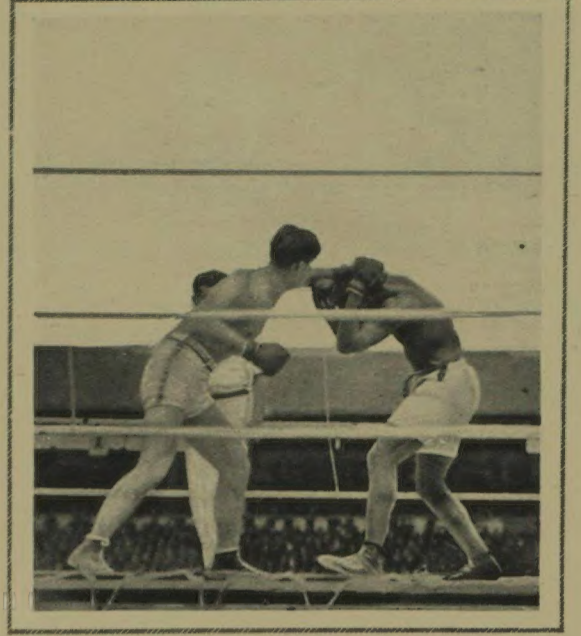
PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B. AND "DAILY MAIL."



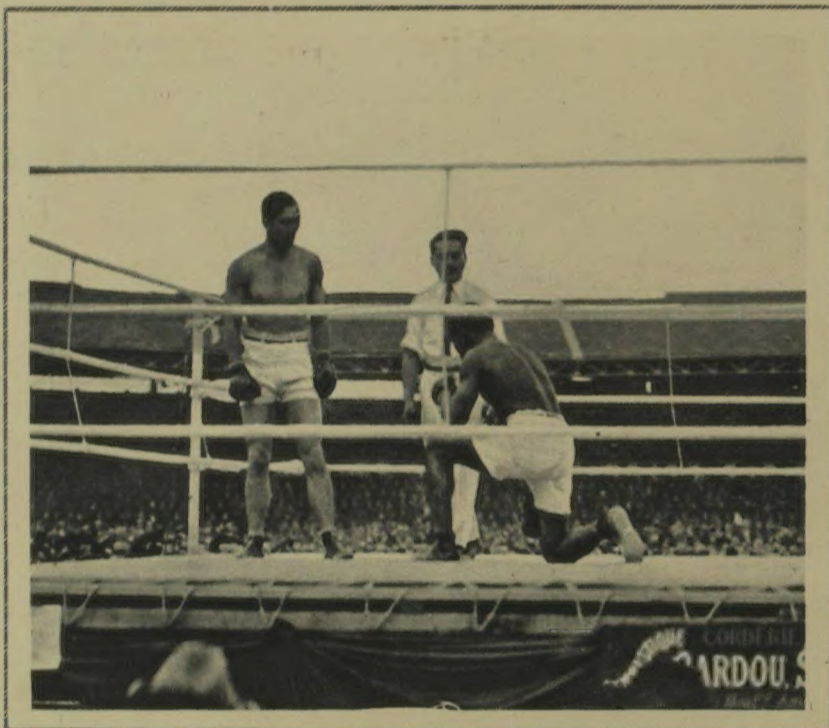
THE FIRST ROUND OF THE FIGHT: SIKI COVERING UP AND CARPENTIER SPARRING FOR AN OPENING.



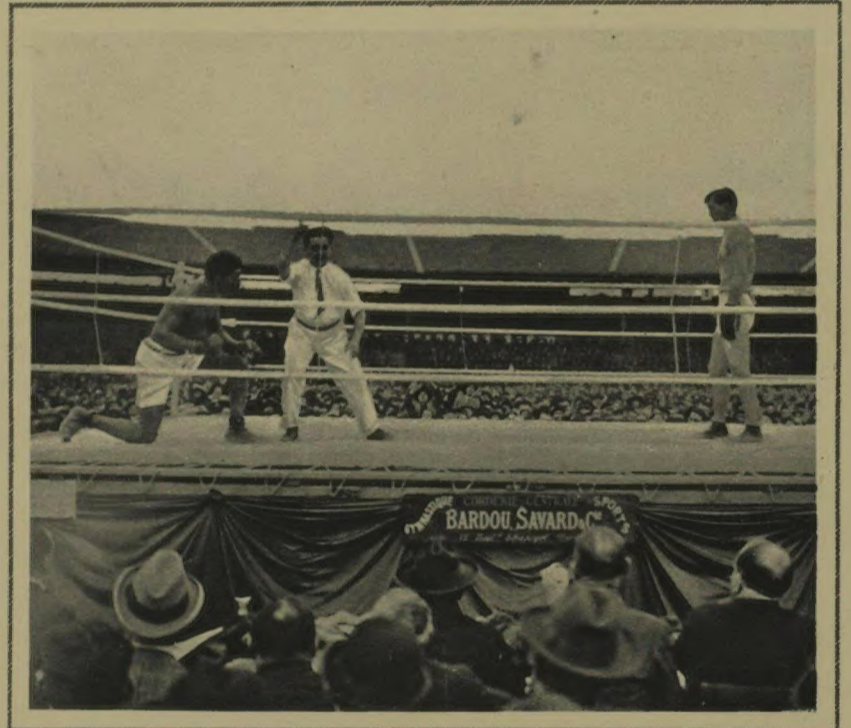
CARPENTIER'S CONFIDENT SMILE BEFORE THE FIGHT: M. DESCAMPS CLEARING A WAY.



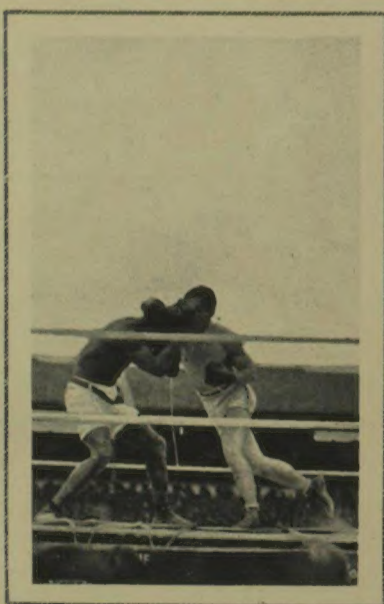
THE FIRST ROUND: CARPENTIER LEADS WITH THE LEFT TO THE HEAD, AND SIKI DUCKS.



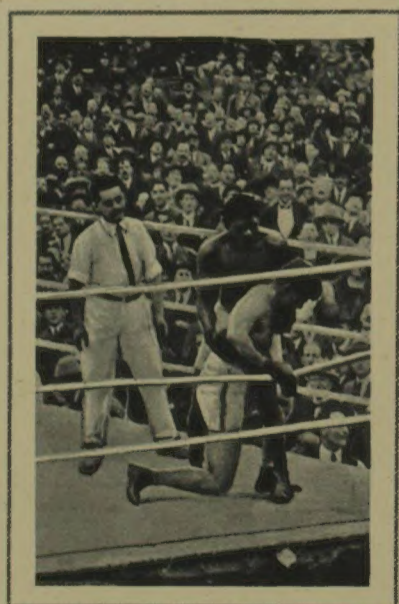
THE FIRST ROUND, BEFORE CARPENTIER TOOK THINGS SERIOUSLY: SIKI ON HIS KNEE FOR A FEW SECONDS AFTER RECEIVING TWO LEFTS IN THE STOMACH.



THE THIRD ROUND, IN WHICH BOTH MEN WENT DOWN: SIKI TAKING A COUNT OF SEVEN AFTER RECEIVING A HARD RIGHT ON THE JAW.



THE FOURTH ROUND: CARPENTIER DELIVERS A BLOW AT SIKI'S HEAD; SIKI COVERING UP.



THE FIFTH ROUND: SIKI HELPING UP CARPENTIER, WHO WAS DAZED AND STRUCK HIM.



THE VICTOR AFTER THE FIGHT: SIKI AT THE RING SIDE, SHOWING NO SIGNS OF PUNISHMENT.



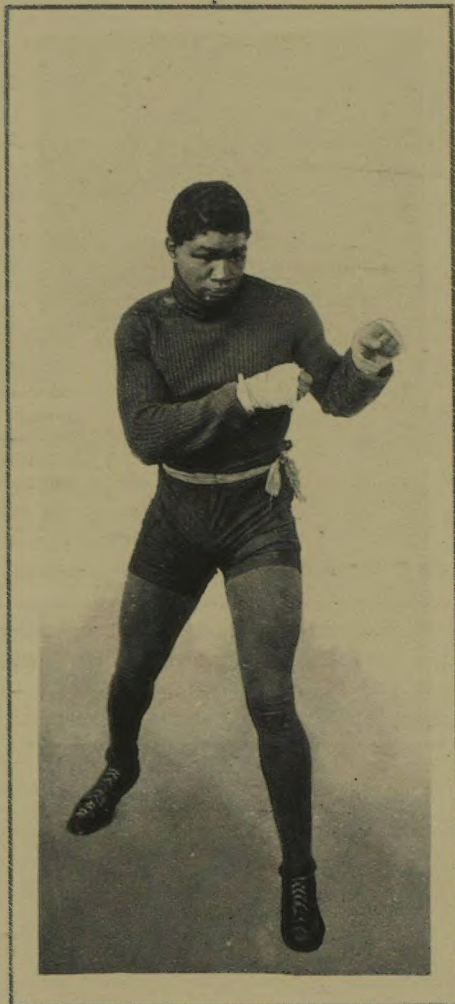
THE VANQUISHED AFTER THE FIGHT: SECONDS CARRYING CARPENTIER TO HIS CORNER.

In the first round Siki received two lefts in the stomach and went to the canvas on one knee. Carpentier was not taking things seriously. In the second round Siki landed two heavy blows, and Carpentier was a good deal shaken. In the third round Siki went down with a hard right to the jaw for a count of seven, but on rising dealt a similar blow and sent Carpentier down for a count of five. Carpentier afterwards received much punishment. In the fourth round it was Siki who had to pull out of clinches, and when free hit Carpentier repeatedly. In the fifth round Carpentier, who was bleeding from many blows, fell exhausted.

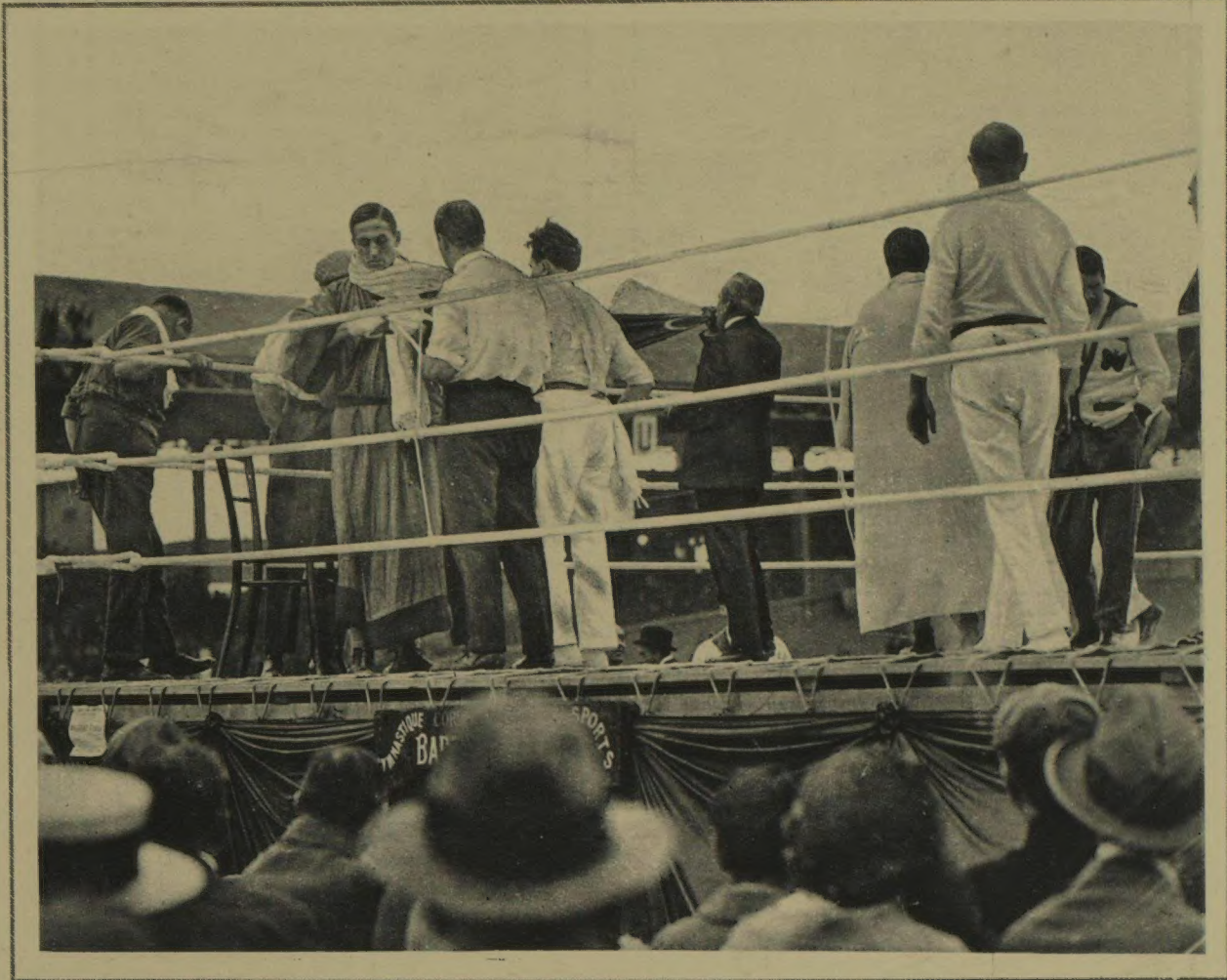
Siki helped him up, and Carpentier, dazed and not knowing what he was doing, struck Siki when off his guard. In the sixth round the end came. Carpentier was helpless under a rain of blows, and fell, unable to rise. As mentioned elsewhere, the referee's decision to disqualify Siki for a foul when delivering the knock-out blow was reversed by the judges, who declared Siki the winner. It was stated in some quarters that a film of the fight (when slowed down) revealed a foul—Siki tripping Carpentier—and that Carpentier was lodging an appeal to the French Boxing Federation against the decision.

THE FALL OF AN IDOL: THE SIKI-CARPENTIER FIGHT.

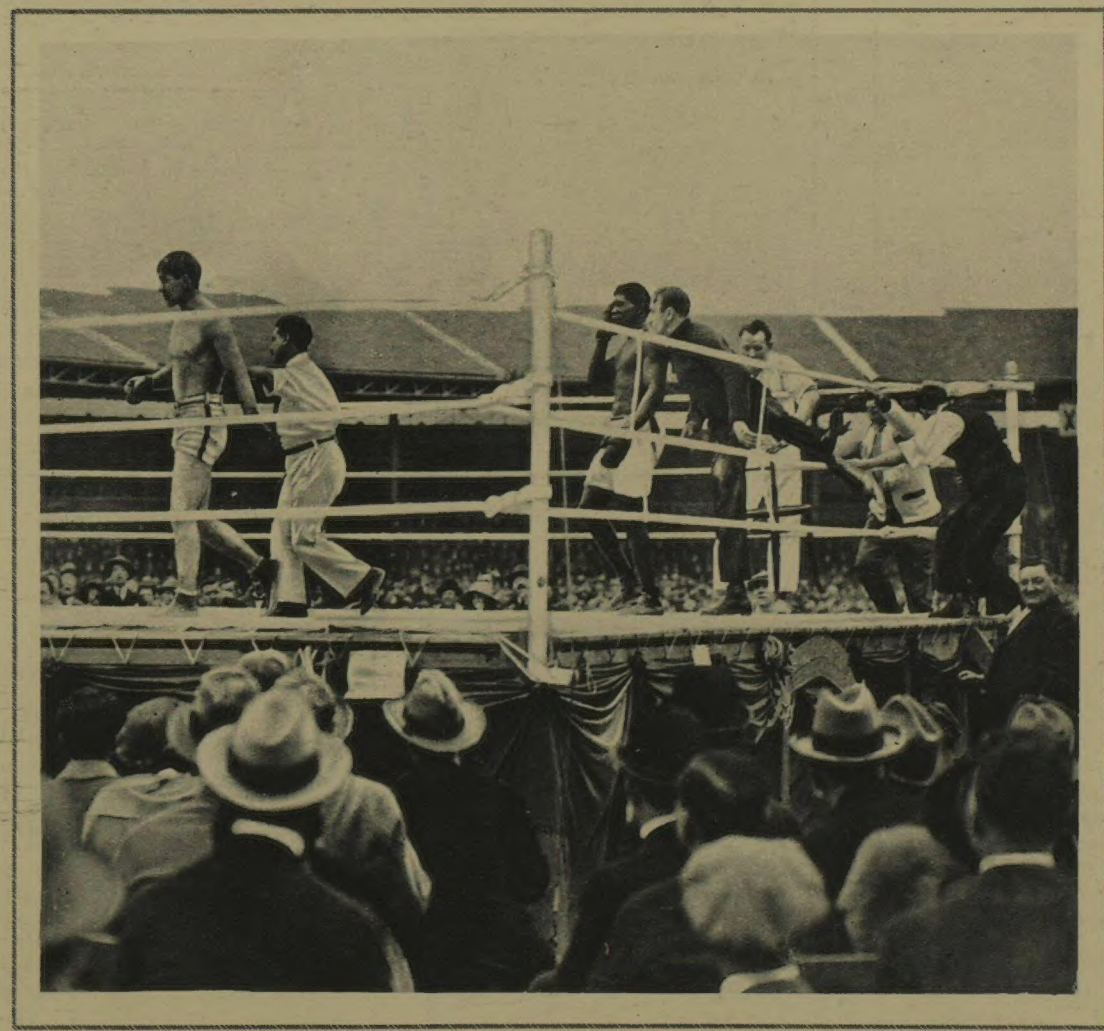
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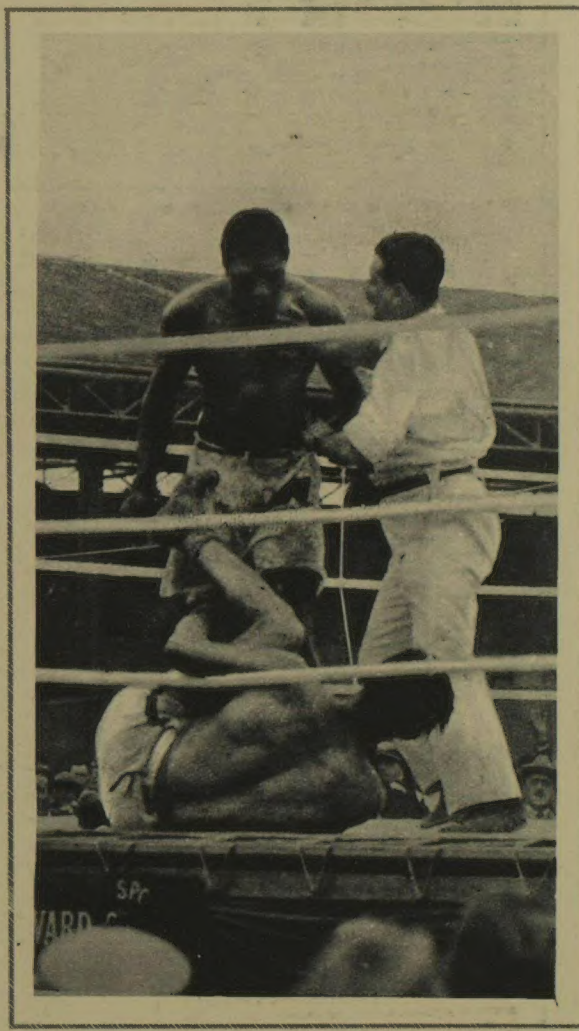
THE SENEGALESE BOXER WHO BEAT CARPENTIER IN PARIS: "BATTLING" SIKI.



IN THE RING BEFORE THE FIGHT: CARPENTIER (TOWARDS THE LEFT) ADJUSTING HIS GLOVES AND SIKI WAITING (THIRD FROM RIGHT, BACK TO CAMERA).



THE CLOSE OF THE FIFTH ROUND (LAST BUT ONE): CARPENTIER, BADLY PUNISHED, GOING TO HIS CORNER, AND SIKI SURPRISED AT RECEIVING A BLOW WHEN HELPING HIM UP.



THE END IN THE SIXTH ROUND: CARPENTIER KNOCKED OUT, AND THE REFEREE KEEPING SIKI BACK.

The match between Georges Carpentier and "Battling" Siki, the Senegalese boxer, for the Light-Heavyweight Championship of the World and the Heavyweight Championship of Europe, was fought at the Velodrome in Paris, on Sunday, September 24. At the beginning Carpentier gave the impression of under-estimating his opponent. In the third round Siki recovered from a terrific right behind the ear and sent Carpentier to the boards with another. After that Carpentier was greatly weakened; his blows became wild and ineffective, and he received further

punishment. Near the close of the fifth round, he fell dazed across the ropes. "Siki helped him to his feet," says the "Times," and received a blow in the face for his pains. Carpentier did not know what he was doing." After the knock-out blow in the sixth round, Siki was at first disqualified by the referee (M. Henry Bernstein) because his right foot was in front of Carpentier, who fell over him; but the decision was reversed by the three judges (M. Victor Breyer, Mr. Bennison, and M. Pujut), who pronounced Siki the victor by a knock-out.

The Best of the Book

"VOYAGES OF CURIOSITY": DISCOVERING AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND.*

THE Geography of Imagination argued in the days of the Ancient Greeks voiced by Theopompus somewhere about 350 B.C. that "beyond scorched tropic seas must be some great region in which the climate was like that of the temperate zone of the North. What more likely, in a well-ordered lawfully governed *kosmos*, than that South corresponds to North; that *there*, also, exists a continent as great as the three-fold 'island' of the known world . . . ?"

Amongst the chief barriers to exploration was the "boiling" sea, associated with the quaintly fanatical idea that any antipodal race dwelling beyond it must be "outside God's great scheme of damnation and redemption," and that, there being no place for Australians in Heaven, Hell, or Purgatory, the Australian did not exist!

Another was provided by those who, throwing aside the accepted globe of their more scientific predecessors, mocked the notion of a spherical world, thinking, as did the sixteenth-century monk Cosmas Indicopleustes, "what can be more obviously absurd than the Greek doctrine of the Antipodeans, 'men carrying their heads downwards' ? . . . If two men, on opposite sides, placed the soles of their feet against each, whether they chose to stand on earth, on air, on fire, or any kind of body, how could *both* be found standing upright ?"

On the other hand, a favourite—if later—argument in favour of a huge southern continent was the necessity of world balance. "The laws of physics, argued Mercator—Ptolemy of a new age—determine that the earth must be 'in a state of perfect equilibrium.' An excrescence on one side of the globe *must* in the nature of things be balanced by an excrescence on the opposite side."

Then the Geography of Imagination began to crumble before the Geography of Discovery. The scorched waters were traversed; there were gloriously conceived and heroically executed "Voyages of Curiosity"; and map-makers gradually, almost unwillingly, assumed at least a portion of the mantle of Truth, fluttering parti-coloured decorations to embellish garments well-nigh worn out by the friction of Fact and Fiction. What those maps were none but the expert comparing one with the other can realise. What they meant to the old navigators those gallant adventurers alone knew—frequently enough to their cost. As often as not, they found themselves sailing over "land" of their charts and driven ashore on the "sea." Seldom were they certain where they were. Largely their difficulties were brought about by the guess-work of stay-at-home geographers who had to find room on existing maps for discoveries newly made, and, if space were lacking at the strictly appropriate place, did not hesitate to dump the "finds" more or less wherever there chanced to be a blank in the district. After all, perhaps their practice was as good as any in a period which knew how to find Latitude, but merely "made shots" at Longitude. Maps, in a word, were a confusion of knowledge and theory, a medley of travellers' tales and indifferent observation.

The bettering of things was due to men of several nations, but of the same temper, if not the same temperament. Following Italian merchants and missionaries came seamen of Portugal and Spain, seekers of gold, of spices, and of Christians, believers in the doctrine that to have seen with one's own eyes is the eighth science. Prince Henry, "the Navigator," of Portugal was the first Hero of the New Age. It was not his lot to go a-voyaging, but he encouraged heartily those who did. Especially, his captains sailed by the "noble Island of Java," whence, in all probability, corsairs and mariners of days without records were forced to land occasionally on the north-west coast of Australia; and, by 1512, Portuguese had been very near indeed to the Terra Incognita. And so it was with the Spaniards. They, too, approached the goal, seeing certain islands under the Tropic of Capricorn which must have been near the Australian coast.

The sixteenth century, however, did not know

Australia, or, at all events, there are no contemporary narratives proving that it had such knowledge, although various arguments, including "maps," have been advanced to show that it did. In fact, it was not until the Dutch struck eastward from the Cape in the early seventeenth century and followed an entirely new track that it was even likely that the western coast of Australia would be discovered. Between came the wonderful wanderings of Magellan, Mendana, Drake, and Quiros, the Quixote who sailed less for the benefit of science or commerce than for the enrichment of the Faith by the conversion of new souls.

Then entered the Dutch, frankly concerned as

human bones seemed to prove them to be man-eaters. In 1629, François Pelsart, of the ill-fated *Batavia*, introduced to European readers the tribe of kangaroo, chronicling "a species of cat, which are very strange creatures; they are about the size of a hare, their head resembling the head of a civet cat; the fore-paws are very short, about the length of a finger. Its hind-legs are upwards of half an ell, and it walks on these alone." Much later, Banks was to record "an animal as large as a greyhound, of a mouse colour, and very swift . . . not only like a greyhound in size and running, but had a tail as long as a greyhound's . . . instead of going on all fours, the animal went only upon two legs, making vast bounds, just as the jerboa does."

In 1642, on December 13, Tasman reached the west coast of the South Island of New Zealand and sailed northwards. As sequel, we have the first European description of Maoris. "They had rough voices and strong bones. The colour of their skin was between brown and yellow. They wore tufts of black hair right upon the tops of their heads, tied fast in the manner of the Japanese at the back of their heads, but somewhat longer and thicker, and surmounted by a large, thick, white feather. . . . For clothing it seemed to us some of them wore mats, others cotton stuffs. Almost all of them were naked from the shoulders to the waist."

"The voyage of 1644 brought three sides of Australia into accurate existence on the map."

Then came that character of true romance, Dampier, pirate by accident, student by inclination. He, too, was displeased with Australia and the Australians, finding the one dry, dusty, and destitute of food, and the others "the miserablest people in the world."

So to James Cook, son of a farm day-labourer, a voyager in coal-boats who joined the Navy in 1755 and cruised, fighting in the Channel, until '58. He sailed over Dalrymple's "continent," east, north, and west, and he discovered Botany Bay—first called Stingray Harbour, from the stingrays native to it; then Botany Bay, in deference to Banks and Solander and the many plants they found on its shores.

There, in 1779, was fixed the site of the first British Colony in the Pacific—a place of settlement for felons. But when Governor Phillips sailed into the Bay with his seven hundred convict colonists he found it unsuitable, and in due course he dumped his charges at Port Jackson, on the banks of Sydney Cove, five miles from the heads.

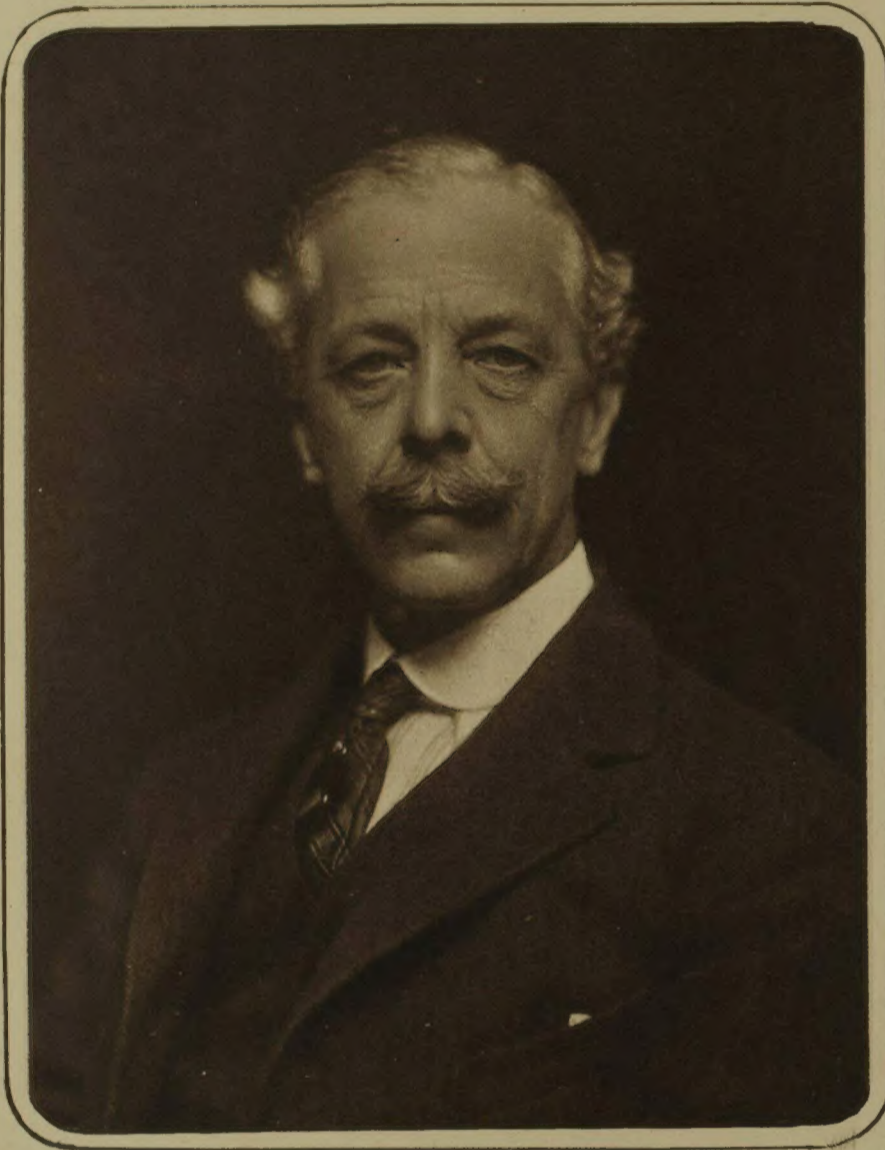
And in time it came that Cook did not discover the Southern Continent, but did not prove its non-existence. By the middle of 1773 he was firm in his opinion that "there is no Southern Continent between America and New Zealand"; and later in the year he destroyed the theory that a Southern Continent extended from the South Pole into temperate and tropical regions.

His own chief claim to fame was that he had done his duty and was able to boast that "he had discovered that by the use of anti-scorbutics, by careful airing of the ship, by scrupulous attention to cleanliness, a very long voyage might be made through all variations of climates without injury to health." He himself, by the way, was in splendid condition. "He was only once seriously ill, and was then cured by eating the ship's dog in the way of soup!"

That is the Triumph of the story. Cook's successors did fine work; but they were scarcely pioneers; even Grant, Bass, Murray, Flinders and Baudin, all of whom broke fresh ground.

A wonderful record, told with the utmost skill by Professor Arnold Wood, for whom there can be nothing but congratulations. He writes not only as a scholar of ripe judgment, but as one to whom Romance is a fine and living thing. He not only knows his facts, but knows how to clothe them with language at once clear and picturesque. If all history were so treated, there would be many more to study it.

E. H. G.



THE OFFICIAL NAVAL HISTORIAN OF THE WAR: THE LATE SIR JULIAN CORBETT.

As director of the Historical Section of the Committee of Imperial Defence, Sir Julian Corbett had published the first two volumes of the official Naval History of the War, carrying the story as far as May 1915. He wrote many other books, including "Drake and the Tudor Navy," "The Successors of Drake," "England in the Mediterranean," and "The Campaign of Trafalgar," which last made his name as a Naval historian. In his earlier years he practised at the Bar, wrote several romances, and was war correspondent with the Dongola Expedition. He was knighted in 1917.

Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith.

bagmen, not as mariner-knights; and it was left to them to "cut the utterly uninteresting continent of New Holland out of the beautiful Spanish dreamland of Terra Incognita." In November 1605, a small pinnace named the *Duyfshen* was sent from Bantam "for the discovery of the land called Nova Guinea (the west coast of Cape York peninsula) which, it is said, affordeth great store of gold." During its voyage it passed from the south coast of New Guinea across the strait to the west coast of Cape York peninsula, and sailed down it some considerable way. The *Duyfshen* returned to Banda in June 1606, so "the first authenticated discovery of any part of Australia" took place about March 1606, "some six months before Torres sailed through his strait, perhaps saw Cape York, and crossed the track of the Dutch pinnace."

The rest continues a chronicle of determined curiosity; of amazing interest; of romantic voyages, often in rotten ships; of gradual revelation; and of the finding not only of Australia as a whole, but of New Zealand.

At first, no gain seemed to warrant the continual effort. All agreed that the place was useless, and that the natives were cruel and wild. Carstenz described the land between 13 deg. and 17 deg. 8 min. as a barren and arid tract, the people in general as "utter barbarians, coal black." Great quantities of

* "The Discovery of Australia." By G. Arnold Wood, M.A., late Scholar of Balliol College, Oxford, and Stanhope Essayist, Professor of History in the University of Sydney. (Macmillan; 25s. net.)

WITH ADJUDICATORS CURTAINED OFF: THE BRASS BAND CHAMPIONSHIP.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. TURNER.



JUDGED BY SOUND WITHOUT SIGHT: A BAND COMPETING FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE—THE CURTAIN HIDING THE BAND FROM THE ADJUDICATORS BROKEN DIAGRAMMATICALLY TO SHOW THEIR POSITION.

The seventh National Band Festival was held at the Crystal Palace on September 23 before a huge audience, and working-men's bands from all parts of the country, comprising in all 2760 performers, took part in the various contests. The chief event was that for the Thousand Guineas Championship Trophy, accompanied by a cash prize of £100. Fourteen bands competed, and the winners were the Horwich R.M.I. Band, conducted by J. A. Greenwood. They belong to the Horwich Railway-men's Institute at Horwich (near Manchester), the centre of the Lancashire and

Yorkshire Railway works. Each of the fourteen bands played a test piece, entitled "Freedom," specially composed for the occasion by Mr. Hubert Bath, musical adviser to the L.C.C. The adjudicators sat in a gallery above, behind a curtain, so that they could hear without seeing which band was playing. The bands competing were known to them only by numbers. In the drawing the curtain (in the top right-hand corner) is broken diagrammatically to show their position. The festival was founded by Mr. J. H. Iles.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]

A LESSON IN LAWN-TENNIS BY THE LADY CHAMPION: THE FAMOUS LENGLEN FILM.

BY COURTESY OF STOLL PICTURE PRODUCTIONS, LTD.



Mlle. LENGLEN SERVING: THE
ENERGETIC FIRST BALL. WITH LESS VIGOROUS FOOT-
WORK: THE SECOND SERVICE. A FULL SWEEP OF THE RACKET: A FOREHAND VOLLEY FROM A
SERVICE—A "CLOSE-UP." POSITION NEAR THE NET.

A FOREHAND DRIVE FROM AN OVERHEAD SMASH, WITH A BACKHAND VOLLEY NEEDING A QUICK LEAP. A BACKHAND VOLLEY MORE
NEAR THE BASE-LINE. NIMBLE FOOT-WORK. EASILY REACHED.

Lawn-tennis players, who are anxious to improve their game by studying the strokes and attitudes of leading experts, owe a debt of gratitude to Stoll Picture Productions, Ltd., for the remarkably interesting films of Mlle. Lenglen in play that have recently been shown on the screen in picture theatres. Not only do they reveal her perfect grace of movement, poise, and nimble footwork, but they enable those who have not had the advantage of watching the Lady Champion in person to follow the details of her methods. In one way, indeed,

they are better than a personal view of Mlle. Lenglen herself, for the slowing-down of the film pictures makes it possible to observe the strokes much more closely than can be done on the courts, where the natural movement is so rapid. They can be studied better still, and quite at leisure, in the sections of film here reproduced, showing typical examples of Mlle. Lenglen's principal strokes. By looking down the columns, from top to bottom, the spectator can follow the gradations of each stroke, from start to finish.

THE BEAUTY OF THE LONDON HOME: No. III.—

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR



WHERE MR. ASQUITH, PERHAPS, INDULGES HIS TASTE FOR CLASSICAL LITERATURE: THE LIBRARY, WITH PORTRAITS OF POLITICAL CELEBRITIES ABOVE THE BOOK-SHELVES.



THE DOUBLE DRAWING-ROOMS ON THE FIRST FLOOR: WITH A VISTA VIEW

MRS. ASQUITH'S HOUSE IN BLOOMSBURY.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



THE BACK DRAWING-ROOM, FURNISHED IN PALE-BLUE, OF THE FRONT ROOM.



THE POWDERING-CLOSET: A LITTLE ROOM, FURNISHED IN WHITE, LEADING OFF THE BACK DRAWING-ROOM, AND USED BY MRS. ASQUITH'S SECRETARY.



WITH ITS ADAM FIRE-PLACE AND CEILING, PERSIAN RUGS ON THE POLISHED OAK FLOOR, AND TABLE-STOOL: THE FRONT DRAWING-ROOM, OPENING INTO THE BACK ONE.



SHOWING A FINE LACQUER CABINET AND (ON THE CORNER OF THE DRAWING-ROOM.)



TABLE BY THE DOOR: A MINIATURE ARM-CHAIR CORNER OF THE DRAWING-ROOM.



NOT SMALL AND ROUND, AS IN MANY GREAT HOUSES OF TO-DAY, BUT SOLID AND SQUARE: THE DINING-TABLE IN THE DINING-ROOM, "EVIDENTLY NOT A HOBBY-ROOM."

The series to which these illustrations belong was begun in our issue of September 16 with a description of Lord and Lady Islington's house in Portman Square, and was continued in that of the 23rd with Sir Philip Sassoon's house in Park Lane. Here we illustrate the home of the ex-Premier and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Asquith, at No. 44, Bedford Square, one of the finest of the many spacious and substantial houses in Bloomsbury. Details of the furniture and decorations, which are in excellent taste, are given in an article on page 500, with two other photographs, one showing Mrs. Asquith herself. Especially interesting is the glimpse of the table where she writes, for the second volume of her much-discussed reminiscences, "The Autobiography of Margot Asquith,"

is due to begin to-morrow in serial form in the "Sunday Times." It will bring the story of her life down to the end of 1916. The allusion in our article to 'large classical tomes' recalls the fact that, in his Oxford days, Mr. Asquith was a Craven scholar, and is said to retain still his love for the Greek and Latin classics. By his first marriage he had three sons, Herbert, Arthur, and Cyril, and one daughter, now Lady Bonham-Carter. His second marriage, to Miss Margot Tennant, took place in 1894. Mrs. Asquith has one son, Anthony, born in 1902, and one daughter, Elizabeth, who in 1919 married Prince Antoine Bibesco, Councillor of the Roumanian Legation.



THE BEAUTY OF THE LONDON HOME :

A STUDY IN THE ART OF INTERIOR DECORATION.

No. III.—MRS. ASQUITH'S HOUSE IN BEDFORD SQUARE.

SINCE they left Cavendish Square, a comparatively short time ago, Mr. and Mrs. Asquith live in a beautiful house in Bedford Square. Mrs. Asquith's cleverness in houses, which one cannot doubt after being in her drawing-room, commended the stately Bloomsbury house to her, and five minutes in 44, Bedford Square leaves one with the impression that there could not be a nicer place to live at in London.

Unlike most town houses, this is a very light one, and, as it looks on to the Square, it is not necessary to shroud the windows with overhanging curtains. The hall and staircase are austere. The stairs to the first floor are of polished stone with a metal balustrade; the handrail is shining black, and the supports to it are gilded and are curved outwards into almost a half-circle.

The whole of the first floor is taken up with the two large drawing-rooms and a small powdering-closet, which opens off the back one, and lies behind the stairs which curve. The impression given by the drawing-rooms is of plenty of space and light and air, and yet there are any number of beautiful things, both large and small, in them; the blending of colours is a great feature.

The front drawing-room has three large windows reaching almost from floor to ceiling; two of them have at their bases radiators very cleverly camouflaged by lacquered shelve tops and front gratings. There is an Adam ceiling, all in very delicate white relief; the walls are to match, but the design on them is bolder and less extensive. Now, while the ceiling has been re-coloured an outstanding white, the time-mellowed plaster of the walls has been left, and on it, at intervals, hang several oil-paintings. The fireplace is also Adam, one of those bold designs which the brothers Adam used at times, with a large figure forming either side; it is coloured to represent grey marble.

The floors of the house, as one would expect, are of fine polished oak, and in this room four medium-sized Persian rugs lie on the boards, leaving a large amount of their charming colour visible.

In the centre of the wall, facing the fireplace, is a big lacquer cabinet; its four-foot legs are of gilded moulding, the outside of the surmounting cupboard is black and gold, and when the big doors are flung widely back, which they usually are, they are red-and-gold inside, and so is the inner cabinet.

There is a big French satin-wood table at right angles beside the window nearest the fireplace. This Mrs. Asquith uses as a writing-table, and the tapestry armchair beside it commands a most pleasant view of the quiet Square garden. On the table there is a large photograph of Prince and Princess Antoine Bibesco, dressed for their wedding.

Dotted all about these two drawing-rooms are books, in ones and twos and half-dozen. Nearly all of them are antiques, and some have lovely old bindings; they are used as ornaments and curiosities. There are several of them standing and lying on the big writing-table; there are also two red lacquer boxes on it, one large one standing up against the wall and a smaller one on the right-hand corner.

Behind the fine writing-table, and in the wall-niche of the fireplace, is a lovely piece of colour, a French chest of drawers painted a delicate yellow, and with an extensive painted design, principally of a blue-green hue. It is a most beautiful piece of furniture. On it stand two yellow Eastern china horses on black wooden stands, and between them, leaning against the wall, is a pale lemon-yellow plate. There is also a foot-square picture of Mrs. Asquith's daughter, Princess Bibesco, in a yellow pannier fancy dress. The long window-curtains and valances are of cream brocade, and a sofa and a large armchair are covered in the same material and have cream satin cushions.

Opposite the windows, and filling the whole space of wall between the entrance door and the double doors into the back drawing-room, is a dark wood cane-seated sofa with a time-worn crimson cushion,

original piece of furniture. As Mrs. Asquith said meanwhile, referring to the taking of personal photographs: "The great thing is to be original." Well, the piece of furniture in question is a table-stool, covered, though not upholstered, with the palest of blue brocade, and with its wooden frame-work painted silver. It stands less than a foot from the floor, and has set out on it small objects of interest to the lady of the house.

There is a round photograph of Queen Alexandra in Coronation robes in a small silver frame, and still attached to it is a rather time-dimmed label, complete with gilded bell, holly spray and "A Merry Christmas"; on this is written, in the Queen's own handwriting, "With Best Wishes from Alexandra." There is a jewelled cigarette-case, and several small Chinese ornaments; little photographs of Princess Antoine Bibesco and Mr. Anthony Asquith when they were children; also a most beautiful glass bowl with glass fruit in it. On a small pedestal dish are a handful of skeins of gay knitting-silks of varying shades of blue. "Aren't they beautiful colours?" said Mrs. Asquith, running her fingers over them. "I bought them yesterday, and some reds and mauves which are in the next room." One of the strewn-about books is on this table-stool; it is "Rider's British Merlin for the year 1749. Being the First After Bissextile or Leap Year, with notes on Husbandry." It is bound in black morocco with a gilt tooled design and silver bosses, into which fits a long silver pin to hold the whole together. There are blank leaves for notes, and the calendar, with agricultural advice in red and black; the name of the man to whom it was given is written in faded ink on the fly-leaf.

On the table at the right-hand of the door as one enters are various books, large classical tomes for the most part, but in a miniature armchair (on the table) stand half-a-dozen very tiny old books; the smallest is a French dictionary, half the size of a man's thumb and requiring a magnifying-glass to read its exquisite print. On another round table was a mass of flowers, pink gladioli in several glasses at the back, and some dozen glasses of double mauve stocks.

The back drawing-room is pre-eminently pale blue; the carpet is that shade, so is the covering of the modern, and very comfortable, armchairs and sofa. This, too, is a light room, with a big bow window, in which is a grand piano and on it a painting of Anthony Asquith at the age of about six—a strange little figure with an intensely clever face, sitting bolt upright before a piano, probably that very one.

In contrast to the other pictures in the drawing-rooms is one with the colour scarcely dry on its canvas, which has taken Mrs. Asquith's fancy. The subject of it is a big jar of completely white flowers with a gray background.

There is a little low French table, which Mrs. Asquith had just brought from Paris, and on it are the red and purple silk skeins and various small pictures of her son and daughter.

The little powdering-closet opens off this room, and is used by Miss Campbell, Mrs. Asquith's secretary. The space is nearly all taken up by a large writing-table. It is a white room, and round two sides of it are white wall-cabinets filled with china.

The dining-room is on the ground-floor in the front of the house; it is evidently not a hobby room like the drawing-rooms. It seems to be the fashion now to have dining-tables as small as possible, for ordinary use, generally round. The Asquiths have evidently stood out against this, for their table is solidly square and a fair size, and it was wholly covered with a white cloth—almost one might describe it as a sign of strength!

E. H. S.



THE AUTHOR OF A MUCH-DISCUSSED BOOK OF REMINISCENCES AT HOME: MRS. ASQUITH IN HER DRAWING-ROOM, BESIDE ITS ADAM MANTELPIECE.



SHOWING A CORNER OF MRS. ASQUITH'S WRITING-TABLE AND THE MOST ORIGINAL PIECE OF FURNITURE—A TABLE-STOOL: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE DRAWING-ROOM OVERLOOKING BEDFORD SQUARE

Photographs Specially Taken for "The Illustrated London News."

There are two or three tapestry chairs, one of them with arms and wings, and a small tapestry footstool which stands near the hearth and beside the most

THE ECLIPSE TEST OF EINSTEIN'S THEORY: STARS WHEREON IT DEPENDS.

DRAWN BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S.



INDICATING THEIR COMPUTED "DISPLACEMENT" (BY DEFLECTION OF THEIR LIGHT PASSING NEAR THE SUN) ACCORDING TO EINSTEIN: STARS IN THE ECLIPSE REGION, PHOTOGRAPHS OF WHICH MAY PROVE OR DISPROVE HIS THEORY.

The sole purpose of the various astronomers who observed the eclipse of the sun on September 21 was to test Einstein's theory of relativity. He predicted that the path of a ray of light would be bent in passing through the gravitational field of the sun. The test consists of comparing photographs of stars, whose rays passed close to the sun's disc during the eclipse, with photographs of the same stars taken when the sun was elsewhere. Good photographs were obtained at the observing stations at Wollal, in Western Australia, and Goondiwindi, in Queensland (see illustrations on page 518), but at Christmas Island the weather was cloudy. Mr. Scriven Bolton, the well-known astronomer, who made the

above drawing, writes regarding it: "The whole question rests upon the amount of displacement of these stars, due to the bending of their light in passing near the sun. If it agrees with the computed figures (given in the drawing) worked out from Einstein's theory of relativity, this doctrine must henceforth be regarded as verified. Thus upon the stars shown in the drawing depends a verification or otherwise of Einstein's theory. The final results upon which verification or disproof rests may not be published for some weeks." Photographs taken during the eclipse of 1919 supported Einstein's theory, but were not regarded as altogether conclusive.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

The World of the Theatre

By J. T. GREIN.

"THE TORCH."—"I SERVE."—"X.Y.Z.' REVUITIS."

I HOPE there will be no memo. from the Swiss Minister to the Court of St. James's re "The Torch," for the Winkelried family are descendants of him who at Sempach gathered many Austrian spears in his manly breast and thus led to the rout of the enemy. And the up-to-date Winkelrieds as depicted by Mr. John Knittel are a queer tribe. The father, irascible and domineering, sets fire to his house to quell the rebellion of his children—two of whom are downright bad lots—and a little later forces one of his sons, revolver in hand, to write, before ten is counted, a confession of seduction of the farmer's daughter who had hanged herself in despair; and, generally, the atmosphere is drab and far from edifying.

But, on second thoughts, there may be no diplomatic incident, as in the end there is a general conversion of characters, and much waving of the olive-branch when the nice son comes home from the States with goodwill and goodwills (of the paternal estate) in his Gladstone.

After all, one must not take this play *au sérieux*—neither as the story of an existing family nor as a picture of Swiss life. Mr. Knittel wanted to write a rattling melodrama and a first-rate vehicle for the emotional conveyance of Mr. Maurice Moscovitch, and so he sought a picturesque *milieu*, and found it in the land of lakes and mountains. Being Swiss, the author must have been well acquainted with the works of one dear old lady, Charlotte Birch-Pfeiffer, who in her time—some seventy years ago—made all the Continent weep over her pleasant plays, some of which are still acted in the countryside. His methods remind me very forcibly of that old school, which knew how to thrill and to move people; and I confess that when, with a fiery speech, father Winkelried set the Thames—I mean the house—on fire, and when anon he clutched the revolver and, like the leader of a firing-squad, counted one to nine (before "ten" the boy surrendered), and between every figure accentuated the agony with quivering muscles of face and arm and hand, I "sat up" as excitedly as a school-boy reading a tale of wild adventures. That was good stuff of the theatre, ladled out with immense effect by Moscovitch. Never mind that the writing was stilted, that the last act was a jumble to attain a happy ending; the melodrama had got into our bones, and the enthusiasm from pit and gallery helped to keep us tuned up till the curtain fell amidst thunders of applause.

There can be no misgivings as to the sway of Moscovitch over his audience. He is a fine figure of a man, and the women adore him; his voice vibrates throughout the playhouse; his motions and emotions, carefully studied and elaborated after the manner of the romantic school, drive words and scenes home with sledge-hammer force. It is flamboyant acting, and picturesque to boot. The younger members of the audience are carried away by his *panache*; the older harked back to the good old days when Bill Terriss swayed the masses with brave words thundered out by a clarion voice. For the *entourage* such bravura acting is a little embarrassing, but there was a young actor among them who vied with the leader in rousing us. That was Mr. Leslie Banks, the son who defied his father, and, until nine was counted, pitted his bull-dog power against his father's. Here there was no studied lingering over details; here was sheer inspired force on the spur of the moment. It impressed us deeply, and indicated that henceforth the managerial eye will watch the young actor Leslie Banks. Miss Margaret Halstan, as the good fairy of the play, and of the Winkelried father, wove tender feelings into this scheme of turmoil and dissent. She had but little to

do, but her charm and suavity were "as Edelweiss on a rugged edge."

There was a really interesting evening at the Kingsway when Mr. Roland Pertwee's moving little play, "I Serve," sent us away with the pleasant



JURG WINKELRIED (MR. MAURICE MOSCOVITCH) FORCES HIS RASCALLY SON GEORGE (MR. LESLIE BANKS) TO SIGN A CONFESSION: A SCENE IN "THE TORCH" AT THE APOLLO.

Mr. Maurice Moscovitch, whose Shylock will be remembered, has made another hit in the new Swiss play at the Apollo Theatre—"The Torch," by John Knittel. Jurg Winkelried is an old man ruined by two rascally sons, and then restored to prosperity by his third and virtuous son. The photograph shows George signing a confession and, on the table, a revolver which his father had pointed at his head.—[Photograph by Stage Photo Co.]

sensation that here is a man who has ideas and has something to say! With poetic licence, our author has taken Time by the forelock. He passed,

for the purpose of his story, an Act of Parliament which is still maturing—the Act whereby marriage regularises the status of the love-child. Kate, a pretty "domestic" of twenty, had loved the young gentleman of the house not wisely but too well. Then the man went away, and Kate continued to serve year in, year out, studying all sorts of educational subjects in her spare time to make a gentleman of the gentleman's son. When he was seventeen she could have married a working-man of her choice, but then her boy would not occupy his proper position in life. Now it so happened that Kate was maid and friend to a kind lady who had lost her heart to a man in India, and when the man came home Kate recognised him as the father of her child. Thereafter there were two unhappy women, and many, all too many, complications ensued; and by fortune's wheel we meet Kate again, expecting the home-coming of her son—a rich woman now and the employer of her former lover (a little queer this!), whom she would force to marry her to give their son a name. The situation was more than painful, for he was still a gentleman, as the word goes, and she was still a maid with a little polish and veneer. The union of the twain would have spelt misery for the sake of duty. Heaven only knows how life would have solved the question, but the dramatist at times controls powers that defy life itself. So Mr. Pertwee ordained that the boy should perish by shipwreck, and that thereby the mother's obligation to further bondage should become obviated.

It is not the story that is the making of the play, although, with allowances for improbabilities, it is so engrossing that one might forget to scrutinise details. But the way in which it is told is altogether admirable. Human people express themselves in a human way, and every one of the characters—even the man who sinned and went—commands our sympathy. There is the spirit of altruism, of self-sacrifice, of atonement in this little work; nor is the grace of humour lacking in Kate, who, despite all her autodidactic learning and her laborious fine manners, recalled "Mary was a housemaid," and even in her grand mansion in the West-End grew frisky when she heard "Valse Bleue" and "Amoureuse" on the barrel-organ outside. Miss Edith Evans played this part with great penetration and a fund of feeling and sincerity. When she came on there was hardly a hand; when she finished there was an ovation which betokened a reputation made.

Mr. Roland Pertwee, the author, whom we have to thank for this stimulating play (with request for more to come) played the more or less thankless part of the lover with great discretion and restraint. Mr. Sam Livesey was a splendid virile type of the horny-handed toiler; and Miss Dorothy Thomas, as the lady who through stress of circumstances became her late maid's lady-companion, was just natural and thereby entirely convincing. "I Serve" will be seen and talked about. It is a feather in the cap of all concerned, not the least of Mr. Herbert Jay, who had the pluck to produce it. For surely this is the kind of good play that knocked in vain at some managerial doors.

This is not printers' pie, but a sample of Revuitis! "Round go merry a into alphabet the turns which band jolly the of chief in commander and dancer a as form finest his in is Buchanan Jack and, fame Waves the Rule of Britannia as immense is Lily Beatrice; beauty and costumes of splendour in returned has Gerard Teddie. Café-Pousse capital a is Wales' of Prince the at X.Y.Z."

A bit of topsy-turvy criticism modelled after that mad scene in "X.Y.Z.," which the actors play first forward and then backward. Read it in Hebrew fashion, and you will see light in the "City of Beautiful Nonsense."



LEADING UP TO THE CRUCIAL SCENE IN "THE RETURN," AT THE GLOBE: (L. TO R.) MR. DION BOUCICAULT AS BALTHAZAR, MISS MARIE LÖHR AS COLETTE, THE BORED WIFE, AND MR. JACK HOBBS AS MARCEL, HER LOVER.

The climax of "The Return" is the scene where the husband and his wife's lover, confronted, find that they are old comrades in arms, and she is furious when they both forget her in fighting their battles over again. The photograph shows an early stage in the love affair between Colette and Marcel. Balthazar is an elderly admirer of the lady.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

PEACE OR WAR?—A TURKISH ENVOY ABOARD THE BRITISH FLAG-SHIP.

DRAWN BY W. R. S. STOTT, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH.



AFTER DELIVERING A MESSAGE FROM KEMAL PASHA: A TURKISH STAFF OFFICER LEAVING H.M.S. "IRON DUKE,"
SALUTED BY THE CAPTAIN—SHOWING ADMIRAL BROCK, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, IN THE BACKGROUND.

Our drawing is based on a photograph taken on board H.M.S. "Iron Duke," the flag-ship of the Mediterranean Fleet, at 5 p.m., on September 13, five days after the Turkish occupation of Smyrna. The correspondent who sent the photograph says: "It shows a Turkish staff officer on the staff of Mustapha Kemal Pasha leaving H.M.S. 'Iron Duke' after delivering an important message. We had sent a note to Kemal saying, did he consider himself at peace or war with England?"

This was the reply, saying it was peace. The Admiral (Sir Osmond de B. Brock, Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet) the Chief of Staff (Commodore B. E. Domville), and the Captain of the Fleet are in the background, the small group of three, discussing the Turkish reply. In the foreground of the picture are the Captain of the 'Iron Duke' (Captain Martin E. Nasmith, V.C.) and the O.O.W."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]

"ONE OF THE GREAT COMMERCIAL CITIES OF THE WORLD PRACTICALLY DESTROYED": THE BURNING OF SMYRNA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON BOARD H.M.S. "KING GEORGE V."



"AN UNBROKEN WALL OF FIRE, TWO MILES LONG": A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE DESTRUCTION OF SMYRNA—IN THE FOREGROUND, H.M.S. "IRON DUKE."

This vivid photograph of the burning of Smyrna, after its capture by the Turks, was taken from the fore-bridge of H.M.S. "King George V." on September 14. The Prime Minister said in his statement to the Press on September 23, explaining the Government's measures to defend the Dardanelles: "One of the great commercial cities of the world has been practically destroyed, and there have been massacres which, in their horror, are almost without example, even in that area." Those outrages, he suggested, might be repeated in Constantinople if the Kemalists forces were to cross the Straits. The scene we illustrate was described as follows by Mr. G. Ward Price: "What I see as I stand on the deck of the 'Iron Duke' is an unbroken wall of fire, two miles long, in

which twenty distinct volcanoes of raging flames are throwing up jagged, writhing tongues to a height of a hundred feet. Against this curtain of fire, which blocks out the sky, are silhouetted the towers of the Greek churches, the domes of the mosques, and the flat square roofs of the houses. All Smyrna's warehouses, business buildings, and European residences, with others behind them, burned like furious torches. . . . From the densely packed mob of many thousands of refugees huddled on the narrow quay, between the advancing fiery death behind and the deep water in front, comes continuously such frantic screaming of sheer terror as can be heard miles away." The "Iron Duke" is the flag-ship of the Mediterranean Fleet.

THE NEAR EAST QUESTION: INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPHS DEALING WITH THE CRISIS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PH. DE ZARA, C.N., L.N.A., AND PATHÉ, N.Y.



TYPICAL OF THE HUNDREDS OF SUFFERERS IN THE GREAT DISASTER AT SMYRNA: A GROUP OF REFUGEES.



IN THE NEUTRAL ZONE WHERE ONLY BRITISH FORCES REMAINED: THE MILITARY HOSPITAL AT CHANAK.



KEMAL PASHA'S POPULARITY IN CONSTANTINOPLE: HIS PORTRAIT CARRIED IN A MOTOR-CAR IN A PROCESSION.



ON THE EVE OF THEIR DEPARTURE FOR THE NEAR EAST: THE 2ND BATT.



GRENADEIR GUARDS INSPECTED BY THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, THEIR COLONEL.



ESCAPING FROM SMYRNA ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE TURKS: A BOAT-LOAD OF GREEK REFUGEES.



THE ENTRY OF THE TURKS INTO SMYRNA: THE LEADING DETACHMENT OF KEMALIST CAVALRY ARRIVING ON THE QUAY ON SEPTEMBER 9.



TURKISH REJOICINGS IN CONSTANTINOPLE OVER THE FALL OF SMYRNA: A PROCESSION OUTSIDE THE MOSQUE OF FAITH IN STAMBOUL.



HEADQUARTERS OF THE BRITISH CORPS OF OCCUPATION IN CONSTANTINOPLE: THE OLD TURKISH MILITARY SCHOOL.



TURKISH VICTORY CELEBRATIONS IN WHAT WAS FORMERLY THE CATHEDRAL OF CONSTANTINOPLE, AGAINST THE GREEKS.



THE INTERIOR OF ST. SOPHIA ON SEPTEMBER 8 DURING THE REJOICINGS OVER THE KEMALIST TRIUMPH IN ASIA MINOR.



BRITISH RESIDENTS IN SMYRNA LEAVING THE CITY: A PARTY ON BOARD THE GREEK STEAMER "ELFINIKI."

The Turkish rejoicings in Constantinople over the fall of Smyrna, shown above, lend force to the Prime Minister's recent statement to the Press on the Government's Near East policy. The measures taken to guard the Straits, he pointed out, were partly to prevent any possibility of the disasters at Smyrna being repeated in Constantinople. Regarding the neutral zone of Chanak on the Asiatic side of the Dardanelles, where British forces alone remained, the French and Italian being withdrawn, Mr. Lloyd George said: "It is essential in the opinion of our military advisers to hold Chanak in order to secure the freedom of the Straits for unarmed vessels. Armoured ships could pass and re-pass, whatever happened to Chanak, but peaceable merchantmen could not pass. . . . We do not wish to hold Gallipoli or Chanak in the interests of Britain alone. We do not claim that Britain should have the sole responsibility. On the

contrary, we believe that these important shores should be held under the auspices of the League of Nations in the interests of all nations alike. . . . We do not go back upon anything we have said about Constantinople remaining Turkish." On September 22 the Duke of Connaught, as Colonel-in-Chief, inspected the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards at Aldershot on the eve of their departure for the Near East, and said he was sure they would perform their duties as brilliantly as they did in the Great War. The battalion paraded, some 600 strong, under Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. E. M. Colston. On the following day they embarked at Glasgow on board the Canadian Pacific liner, "Empress of India." It was reported on September 26 that a Turkish force had again entered the neutral zone of Chanak, and that Sir Charles Harington had called upon Kemal Pasha to withdraw it.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

by introducing him to the elusive heroine, Miss Brandon.

For once in a way, Mr. Rudd shared David Rossenal's view: "He was going to write this novel for his own enjoyment, and not for the public." He went further than David, however, when he added that he would never publish it. But he would be grateful if he might discuss the work with Mr. Kay, "as he could not write a story without discussing it with someone." From which it is visible to the naked eye that Mr. Baring is quietly applying the Baringesque cautery to Mr. Rudd and Mr. Rudd's fellow-craftsmen. In the end, needless to say, Mr. Rudd does publish his novel, justifying that inconsistent act by many ingenious sophistries. Mr. Rudd's story, reprinted in full by Mr. Kay, is of a quality that still further edges Mr. Baring's sly satire.

All this, however, is by-play. The main theme is the *spirituelle* Miss Brandon and her love affairs. Mr. Kay has one view; Mr. Rudd another: to reconcile these and explain a mystery of Miss Brandon's conduct is a task for "a moral Sherlock Holmes." In mental, as opposed to physical, detective work, lies the originality of the book. Former stories of Mr. Baring's have shown us characters more interesting in themselves, but "Overlooked," with its witty asides and its vignettes of cosmopolitan society, maintains the distinction and the entertainment of the Baring method.

Formerly the story about the world of school was written for the schoolboy alone. If his father took any concern with it, he did not go beyond "Tom Brown," in which he found little that did not square with his notions of what an honest British boy should be. As for the public-school system, he accepted it with all its drawbacks. But the present critical age, so deeply concerned with the welfare of the adolescent, has seized upon school life as material for fiction addressed to the adult. The movement began with "Stalky," in so far as that was a story of school life written for the grown-up reader; but there again the system was accepted. If the book contained criticism, the criticism remained implicit, and its expression was left to adverse reviewers who hinted that all was not well in the realm of Pedagogy.

Searching analysis of the public school has become fashionable, and the list of analysts grows formidable. Mr. Vachell, Mr. Walpole, Mr. Ivor Brown, Mr. Desmond Coke, Mr. Mais, Mr. G. P. Robinson, Mr. Arnold Lunn, and Mr. Alec Waugh have striven to strip the school story of sentimental heroics and to present it with uncompromising realism. No one has hit the system harder than Mr. Waugh, who at seventeen years of age produced "The Loom of Youth," and made a considerable noise with his machine. "Books written by boys," said Disraeli, "which pretend to give a picture of manners, and to deal in knowledge of

of literary *lusus*." But Mr. Waugh's book was an exception. His subject enabled him to write from experience, and so he got a hearing, and a sufficiency of criticism, favourable and adverse. He returned to the subject in a later novel, and has now pursued it further in a treatise, "PUBLIC SCHOOL LIFE" (Collins; 7s. 6d.), in which he tackles with great courage and frankness even the darkest problems of school.

An age that prides itself upon its blunt honesty may contend that all Mr. Waugh's discussions will do good, but in one instance the moralist seems strangely insensible to the essential noisomeness of his theme. For some readers, that may blur their enjoyment of Mr. Waugh's pleasanter chapters—his light but penetrating remarks on the Ethics of Cribbing, and his handling of the "blood" system, with its kindred problem of overdone athletics. But he believes that Public School men, at least, will understand. The author plainly expects his book to kick up a dust in the cloisters, and in that he is not likely to be disappointed.

With the school story, past and present, Mr. Waugh concerns himself only incidentally, but his



WITH AN EARLY CELTIC OR SCANDINAVIAN DESIGN: A FRAGMENT OF ENGRAVED SLATE FOUND IN THE RUINS OF NENDRUM MONASTERY. (SIZE SHOWN BY A 3d. PIECE.) (SEE OPPOSITE PAGE.)

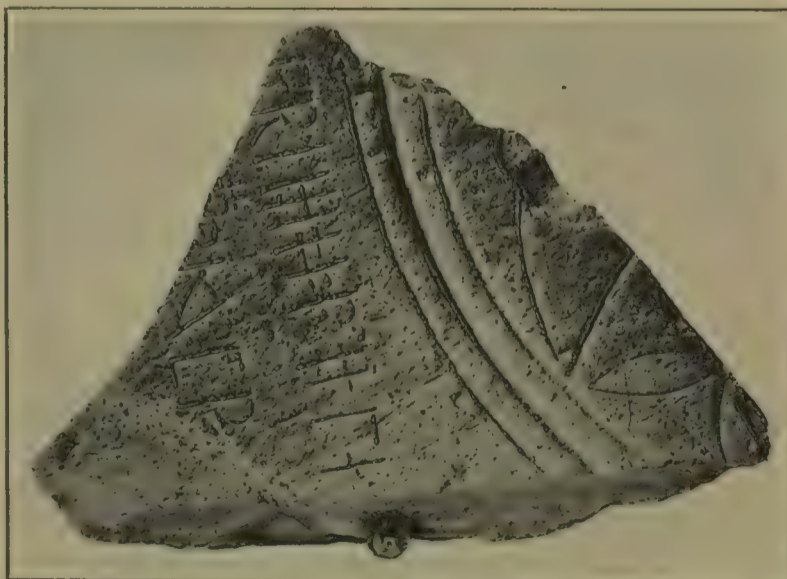
upon its study of a young writer in the making: for it has surer attractions. Not least of these is the fact that the book is the second effort of a writer who made so resounding a hit with his first novel that he has already a large public. It is also, in part, an addition to the novels of school life. The hero of Mr. Ernest Raymond's "ROSSENAL" (Cassell; 7s. 6d.) had the itch of writing from his preparatory school-days, and his creator favours us with the boy's first prize essay, a document as grotesque as those productions usually are. It begins, "My hobby is writing books," and enunciates the noble but dubiously profitable maxim—"You must not think whether people will like what you write, or you will not write what you like."

To that principle David Rossenal remained faithful, and consequently he did not arrive among the "best sellers." In this he is a welcome exception to the novelists of fiction, whose alarming success, on paper, is apt to strain the reader's belief. But Mr. Raymond would not have you think that David failed. His friend and mentor, Mr. Aitch, thought otherwise: "You have created a work of art in which you believe. Victory ends there." And David, accepting this as conclusive, chanted a dithyramb of joyful assent, for he was nothing if not an idealist, despite his genteelly disreputable upbringing and early surroundings.

Mr. Raymond handles the young novelist's aspirations with a naive sympathy that can only be personal. If ever he laughs in his sleeve, his laughter is kindly. Authors, amateur and professional, receive less considerate treatment from Mr. Maurice Baring in "OVERLOOKED" (Heinemann; 6s.). The story is supposed to be written by Mr. Anthony Kay, a blind man of leisure, who tells how he met an eminent novelist, Mr. James Rudd, at a Continental watering-place:

I had never met him before. I have, indeed, rarely met a novelist. When I have done so, they have either been elderly ladies who specialised in the life of the Quarter-Latin, or country gentlemen who kept out all romance from their general conversation, which they confined to the crops and the misdeeds of the Government.

Mr. Rudd had been sent to the spa by his doctor, who "had told him to leave off writing novels for five weeks if he possibly could. He was finding it difficult. He told me he was longing to write, but could think of no subject." Mr. Kay found Mr. Rudd his subject



IN IRISH, RUNIC, AND AN UNKNOWN ALPHABET: A FRAGMENT OF AN INSCRIBED GRAVE-SLAB FROM NENDRUM, ONE OF THE EARLIEST CHRISTIAN FOUNDATIONS IN IRELAND. (SIZE SHOWN BY A HALFPENNY.)

Palaeographers who can decipher this inscription should write to Mr. H. C. Lawlor, 8, Windsor Avenue, Belfast. One version, treating it as old Norse, renders part—"Prime Abbot," and concludes with "Church of Christ." By extending the arc of the circle, it is found that the stone was 27 in. across. Of the first line of the inscription, the first 10½ in. are missing, as are several inches on the right, and 10½ in. remain. An illustrated account of the Nendrum ruins appears on the opposite page.—[Photographs by Robert Welch, Belfast.]

human nature, must necessarily be founded on affection . . . such productions should be exempt from criticism, and should be looked upon as a kind



FOUND AT NENDRUM: AN OLD DIAL-FACE OF SLATE, DIVIDED INTO 24 HOURS (NUMBERED 1 TO 12 ON EACH SIDE) IN ROMAN FIGURES. (SIZE SHOWN BY 3d. PIECE.)

allusions throw interesting light on the subject, and contain some of his most suggestive points. He finds, for example, that the Preparatory School is very like the Public School of traditional conception:

Talbot Baines Reed is only read by boys of under thirteen; and boys of under thirteen have moulded themselves after his image. There are, of course, none of the high-lights, the heroism, the sacrifice. There are no nocturnal visits to ostlers; but otherwise, it is not unlike "The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's." The smallest boys do resemble the "Tadpoles" of that popular romance. In spite of frequent visits to the bath-room, their hands and collars are continually smeared with ink; . . . they are all dog-eared except at meal-times and at the start of the morning's work.

It is something to learn that the old school story is so far realistic. Even although we must change the venue from the Public School proper to the Preparatory School, we are glad to keep unimpaired our tender and affectionate memories of Brother Smudge and Brother Blacknose, whom Simon, the editor of the school paper, introduced into his columns as types of the younger Dominicans. However salutary iconoclasm may be, there are some things our middle age rejoices to see spared by the hand of enlightened modernity. Mr. Raymond's "Rossenal" did not come on the scene in time for Mr. Waugh to give us his views on the picture of the amazing preparatory school presented in that novel.

The public, it appears, has still much to learn. "People think that what was true of the Rugby of 'Tom Brown's School Days,' is true of the Shrewsbury of to-day." The later novelists of school have an entirely new criticism, not only of life, but of their predecessors' stories. The story, however, has only a limited scope, and that is the reason why Mr. Waugh has thrown the wisdom of his twenty-three years into a reasoned treatise on school ethics.

But the whole question of school in fiction is a subject made to Mr. Waugh's hand, and one looks forward to an elaborate essay when he is "so disposed." His new book contains so many hints of material for such a paper that it would be a pity if it were not written.

FURTHER PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE CRADLE OF BRITISH CHRISTIANITY.

BY COURTESY OF THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL SECTION OF THE BELFAST NATURAL HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY. PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT WELCH.



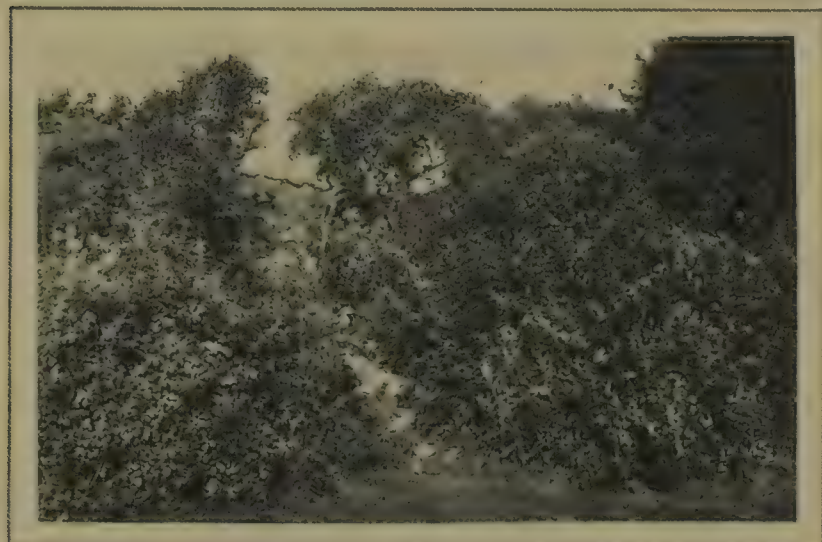
BEFORE THE EXCAVATIONS BEGAN: THE SITE OF NENDRUM CHURCH, WITH THE ROUND TOWER (SINCE REPAIRED) HALF DESTROYED BY IVY.



AFTER REPAIR: THE INNER CASHEL WALL WITH ITS GATEWAY, SHOWING THE ROUND TOWER AND THE CHURCH DOORWAY BEYOND.



AFTER COMPLETION OF THE EXCAVATIONS AND REPAIRS: NENDRUM CHURCH (WITH LINTEL REPLACED OVER THE WEST DOOR), AND THE SUPPOSED NORTH SACRISTY—SHOWING THE ROUND TOWER AND INNER CASHEL WALL IN THE BACKGROUND.



A FORMIDABLE TASK FOR THE EXCAVATORS: OVERGROWTH OF BUSH AND BRAMBLES THAT HAD TO BE REMOVED ON PART OF THE MIDDLE CASHEL WALL.



AFTER THE BUSHES AND BRAMBLES HAD BEEN TORN OUT BY MEANS OF HORSES AND CHAINS: THE SAME SECTION OF THE MIDDLE CASHEL WALL CLEARED.

Ulster's greatest antiquarian monument, the recently discovered fifth-century monastery of Nendrum, on Mahee Island, in Strangford Lough, has been further explored by the Archæological Section, Belfast Natural History and Philosophical Society. We give here the latest illustrations of the present state of the restoration, to supplement those in our issue of September 2. Many relics have been discovered, including the sundial and inscribed fragments illustrated opposite, implements and pottery. The director of the excavations, Mr. H. C. Lawlor, speaking at the

ruins, said: "We stand here on the oldest, except Saul, Christian foundation in Ireland. Here exactly 1490 years ago stood Saint Patrick, where he performed a miracle that resulted in the foundation of Nendrum; from Nendrum emanated St. Colman of Dromore; from his training here came St. Finian; from him St. Columba, the founder of Iona; from Iona Christianity spread to North Britain; ultimately to Northern and Central Europe. Nendrum was an established missionary college half a century before Canterbury was founded by St. Augustine."

MONTE CARLO RECONSTRUCTED IN CALIFORNIA: "FOOLISH

By COURTESY OF THE EUROPEAN MOTION-PICTURE

WIVES," THE REMARKABLE NEW FILM-SPECTACLE PLAY.

Co., LTD., DISTRIBUTORS OF UNIVERSAL PICTURES.



BUILT AT A COST OF \$50,000 AT UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA: A MONTE CARLO SCENE FOR THE NEW FILM-SPECTACLE, "FOOLISH WIVES."



AT A POINT ON THE CALIFORNIAN COAST VERY CARLO: THE SETTING FOR



LIKE THE CONFIGURATION OF THE BAY AT MONTE CARLO: THE SETTING FOR THE PIGEON-SHOOTING SCENE.



A MUCH-DENOUNCED SPORT REPRESENTED FOR THE FILMS: A MONTE CARLO PIGEON-SHOOTING MATCH PLAYED IN CALIFORNIA—A SCENE IN "FOOLISH WIVES."



SPECIALLY BUILT IN CALIFORNIA FOR THE FILM PLAY, "FOOLISH WIVES": A WONDERFUL SETTING OF MONTE CARLO BY NIGHT.



A SCENE IN A FILM PLAY THAT COST NEARLY \$200,000: MONTE CARLO, IN



\$200,000: A CROWD OUTSIDE THE CAFÉ DE PARIS, "FOOLISH WIVES."



THE DRAMA OF THE GAMING TABLES AT MONTE CARLO ENACTED IN AN ELABORATE SETTING: A SCENE IN "FOOLISH WIVES" PLAYED IN CALIFORNIA.

A remarkable new spectacular film play, entitled "Foolish Wives," was produced at the New Oxford Theatre, Oxford Street, on September 23. The scene is laid at Monte Carlo, and the elaborate settings constructed for the purpose, at Universal City, California, are said to have cost £200,000. The play was produced by an ex-Austrian cavalry officer, Eric von Stroheim, who himself took the leading part, that of Count Sergius Karamzin, a villainous Russian officer, a type of modern Don Juan whose avareid pursuit of women eventually bring him to ruin. The play has previously been shown in America,

and has been described as the most talked-of picture in the United States. Although its plot has been criticised as unpleasant, the care and lavish expense bestowed on the settings have resulted in a very vivid and realistic picture of Monte Carlo, which will doubtless prove a great attraction to cinema-goers. Our photographs give a good idea of the enormous amount of work, and stage management on a colossal scale, that go to the making of a spectacular film. The part of the Californian coast chosen for the settings strongly resembles, in configuration, that of Monte Carlo.



THE WORLD

OUR sex was not left out of the thrills which St. Andrews enjoyed this week when the Prince of Wales visited that ancient seat of golfing and of learning. It was a woman—Queen Adelaide, none less—who gave to the Golf Club in 1838 the medal used as captain's badge. William IV. was patron of the Club, and made it Royal, as it was already Ancient. Queen Adelaide presented her medal, not as her husband had given one, to be played for, but as a badge of office for the captain to wear on all State occasions. Therefore, Mr. Tom Boothby took this large gold medal, enclosed in crystal and suspended over his shoulders by a blue ribbon, and placed it over the shoulders of the new and royal captain. Mr. Boothby is a member of one of the oldest and most respected families at St. Andrews. One of his sisters is Lady Cunliffe, widow of the late Lord Cunliffe, who was Governor of the Bank of England.

There was also the ball on Thursday night in the Town Hall, which was of great interest to women, but which the Prince, because of the Court mourning, was unable to attend. A big supper-room was built out over the street, five hundred people were present, and the thing was done with Scottish thoroughness and golfers' generosity. The wine was probably the gift of the Prince of Wales, as the new captain gives it by old custom. Doubtless it tasted sweeter to feminine palates because of the popularity of the giver. Be sure it was of the best!

Also, the Prince of Wales gave two silver cups for members of the Ladies' Club to play for this historical week, and competition would naturally have been of the keenest.

No one, I believe, made bad jokes about the possible signification of the three gold balls which will henceforward hang on the silver clubs. They



FOR THE COUNTRY.

Fully cut is this country coat made of that warm material, Elderscutum. Aquascutum, of 100, Regent Street, are responsible for it.



TO KEEP OFF THE CHILLY BREEZES OF AUTUMN.

This elegant cape of Scutum cloth is made in a nice soft shade of brown—the prevailing colour of the moment, lightly checked with grey. It comes from Aquascutum, 100, Regent Street.

symbolise three royal captains, one of whom was, indeed, the Prince of Wales's grand-uncle, Prince Leopold, late Duke of Albany. The other was King Edward, who, as Prince of Wales, declined to play himself in, as he knew nothing whatever about golf at the time. Later he played a little, but never really took to the game. There are, in all, 162 balls; all but two signify past captains of ordinary life, and now the Prince's ball makes the 163rd and third royal one. He wears a red coat with blue facings, as do all past captains. I have forgotten what colour the facings of the ordinary members' coats are, but different from the captains'—I think buff. The balls are modelled from those with which each captain played himself in, and afford an interesting study to golfers in the style and size of balls.

A sportsman, greatly annoyed because squally weather is making the grouse so wild that he cannot get near enough to shoot them, has an odd theory that German scientists have discovered some way of making our climate worse than it already was. It would be more to the purpose if they discovered a way to make their own better. If all accounts are true, in winter it leaves a great deal to be desired. Our sportsman enunciates his theory gravely, but one suspects Scots humour of the "pawkiest" variety. The fact remains that the weather in the far North is fickle—squalls of wind and rain one hour, and bright warm sunshine the next. Advertisements in the local papers puzzle us considerably. It was, for instance, some time before we arrived at the conclusion that "ladies' byre boots," advertised at temptingly low price, were for wearing in the cow byres and pig sties by the ladies who look after the inhabitants thereof. "Public rooms," advertised in houses to be let or sold, we found to be dining and sitting rooms; there are many other Northern idioms which interest us; those are the only two I remember just now.

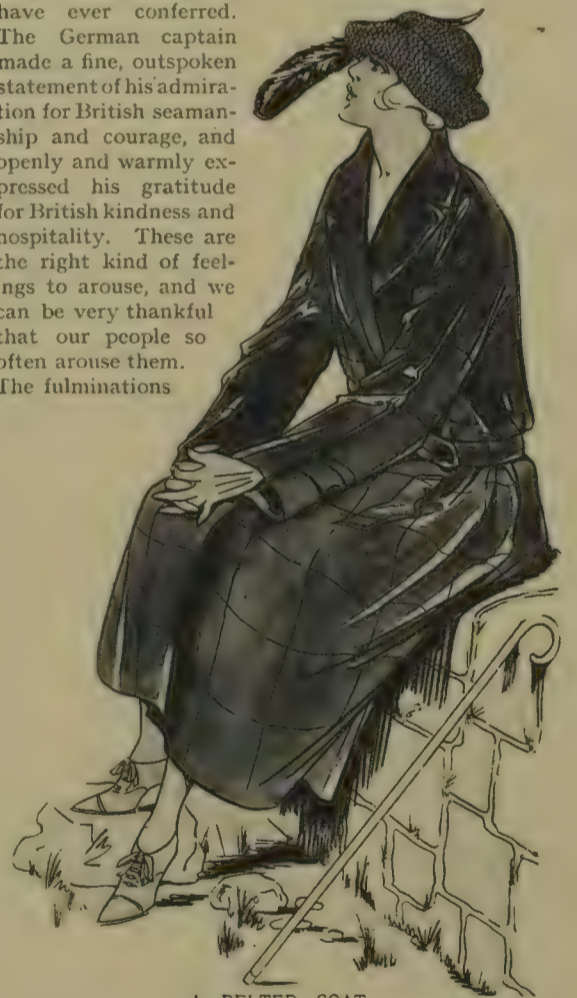
A considerable number of artists visit Sutherlandshire. One of them, by way of helping the funds of a local golf club, painted a charming picture of a scene familiar to all inhabitants, as a prize in a tombola. He asked his gardener in to see it, and politely hoped that he—the gardener—would win it. "Thank ye, Sir; but I would rather get the black-faced hog," was the answer, which delighted the painter, happily endowed with a keen sense of humour.

The Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry were in church at Brora on Sunday with their two little girls and with Viscount Castlereagh. The church is a little corrugated-iron one, the pews and panelling polished pine. There are always charming flowers on the altar, the Cross upon which is a gift

OF WOMEN

from Lady Millicent Hawes, and the other altar furnishing also gifts from people in the neighbourhood. It is only open for August and September, and is Scottish Episcopal, which is like our High Churches or Anglican Catholic in the South. A rector from the South usually accepts the very modest weekly sum given for taking the services, because it is just a little help to a real good holiday. This year for the second time the Rev. — Hankey officiates; he is a cousin of the late Donald Hankey, author of "A Student in Arms," etc.; everyone hopes that he will come again and again. The Bishop of London spent a week-end here. He had hurt his arm at tennis, and could not play golf, but managed to fish with his left hand. Everyone—men, women, and children—who met him loved him for his genial and gentle kindness, and fine, wide, human sympathies. On a picnic the Bishop lay down on a mossy, heathery bank, and suddenly realised that insects were buzzing round. They were wasps, the ingress to whose nest he blocked. It looked as if even the wasps were affected by his personal magnetism, for he had never a sting!

How proud all Britishers feel about the splendid rescue of the passengers and crew of the *Hammonia*, and of the bravery and coolness of the only Englishman on board that ill-fated liner! Such action should do more to promote the peace of the world than all the conferences that have ever conferred. The German captain made a fine, outspoken statement of his admiration for British seamanship and courage, and openly and warmly expressed his gratitude for British kindness and hospitality. These are the right kind of feelings to arouse, and we can be very thankful that our people so often arouse them. The fulminations



A BELTED COAT.

Of brick-brown Scutum tweed lightly overchecked with a mustard-coloured line, this model has been designed by Aquascutum, of 100, Regent Street.

of politicians are remarkably poor-looking beside such fine actions.

We had a good hunt through some adjacent villages in a car for—what do you think? You'd never guess, so I'll tell—Mackintosh's Toffee de Luxe. One always notices that when the weather gets cold there is a kind of craving for sweets with adults as with children. Nature is such a wise physician. Up here there is every kind of Scotch sweetie you can think of, but Mackintosh's we can only find in the bigger places where are some really good shops. At Darnoch we ran into our quarry, and went back with several tins of toffee, almond toffee, egg-and-cream toffee, and cocoanut toffee, all *de luxe*, since when the speech of members of the party has been thick, but their tempers a great deal less thin. The youngsters are in the seventh heaven, and have no desire for the eighth lest there should be no Mackintosh's toffee in it.—A. E. L.

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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

BY W. J. TURNER.

A NEW ENGLISH OPERA.

IT is a long time since Brighton saw such a gathering of musicians as poured into it to hear the first performance of the opera by Sir Thomas Beecham's son, Mr. Adrian Beecham. Mr. Adrian Beecham is only seventeen years old, but his opera, "The Merchant of Venice," was, I understand, written a couple of years ago. Even for a boy of seventeen it would be a sufficiently remarkable achievement, but it is notoriously difficult to judge the real gifts of an artist from extremely youthful work.

Of course, prodigies are commoner in music than in any other art; by that I mean prodigies who come to something. There is always Mozart—most renowned of all—to point to. I heard recently, at the Marionette Theatre in Munich, a performance of Mozart's "Bastien et Bastienne," which was written when Mozart was about the same age as Mr. Adrian Beecham. It shows technically far greater accomplishment than "The Merchant of Venice," and a more individual style. Considered historically this technical superiority becomes even more marked, for Mr. Beecham has learned nothing from all the great musicians who have come between him and Mozart. There is not the slightest sign in the score that the composer has ever heard a single bar of music by Beethoven, Liszt, Berlioz, Wagner, Schumann, Verdi, Strauss, Debussy, or any of the moderns. On the other hand, it is obvious that he is only too conscious of the work of Mozart and Sullivan.

This is really rather remarkable. It presents an interesting psychological problem. One would like to know what sort of life Mr. Adrian Beecham has led. Has he been carefully secluded from all the founders of modern music? If he were the son of people buried in the midst of Central Australia, with no access to music except a few gramophone records of early nineteenth-century Italian opera, one could understand perfectly this use of a completely old-fashioned idiom; but one would have thought that no one could have been more musically sophisticated than the son of Sir Thomas Beecham. It is certainly no pose, for the naïveté and simple-mindedness of the music is too natural and unconscious to be faked. We are forced, then, to believe that Mr. Adrian Beecham

is not intellectually of this generation. Now, this is serious, because to be a great composer a musician should be in advance of his generation. Certainly the greatest of all are in advance of their time, although it may be sufficient for all but the greatest to be abreast of it. But a composer who is a

hundred years behind his time is, however musically gifted, destined to nothing better than commercial and popular successes with the musically undeveloped public. He may write successful popular songs, or even musical plays, because there is a large musically illiterate public to cater for, a public whose musical sense, like its literary sense, is in its infancy.

This lack of musical development is something quite distinct from technical skill. Mr. Adrian Beecham shows in the scoring of his opera that he knows next to nothing of orchestration. His handling of the instrumentation is worse than amateurish; it is just schoolboyish. He obviously has no technique at all. This would not matter; any fool can acquire technique if he labours hard enough to acquire it; so that the sneers of the highly educated and "finished" musician at Mr. Beecham's score—and they have been plentiful—can be disregarded. Mr. Beecham has genuine musical invention; he has a spontaneous lyrical flow of melody and a dramatic instinct. He does not "construct" music from his scientifically stuffed head, as so many of our Royal College students and our well-known young composers do. It flows out of him in the authentic manner of the real creative musician. It would not matter in the least that his music was old-fashioned and reminiscent. The youthful work of many great artists has been astonishingly imitative and unoriginal, but nearly always there is somewhere in their work an attempt, however unsuccessful, at something individual, an ambitiousness of theme or manner. There is very little sign of this in Mr. Beecham's work, although there was a touch of originality in the accompaniment to Shylock's monologue in the first act. On the other hand, the distinct vitality of the duet between Bassanio and Antonio in the first act, and of the duet between Portia and Bassanio in the second act, and of Portia's song in Act II., is a very good sign.

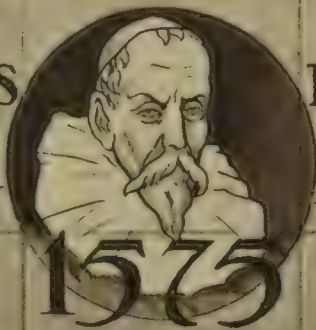
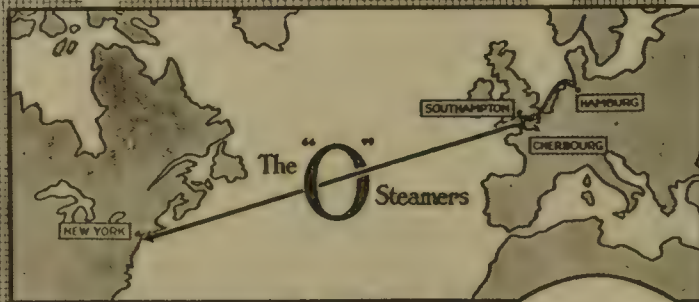
On the whole, if one hopefully discounts the regrettable absence of intellectual passion, and remembers how rare Mr. Beecham's freshness and spontaneity is, it is possible to look forward to his career with real interest. It is questionable, however, whether Lady Beecham has done her son a service by thus thrusting him before the public. If he had been the son of poor people who had not the means to give him that education and leisure which his natural gifts seemed to deserve, then the hope of getting people sufficiently interested to help him would

(Continued overleaf.)



A BOY COMPOSER OF SHAKESPEAREAN OPERA: MR. ADRIAN BEECHAM, WHOSE "MERCHANT OF VENICE" HAS BEEN PRODUCED AT BRIGHTON. Mr. Adrian Beecham, whose operatic version of "The Merchant of Venice" was produced at the Grand Theatre, Brighton, on the 18th for a week's run, is a son of Sir Thomas Beecham, the famous impresario. He was only fifteen when he wrote the opera, two years ago, and he is said to have composed one on "Twelfth Night" even earlier, at the age of twelve. His ambition is to set most of Shakespeare's plays to music.

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have been a sound practical reason for bringing him before the public. What Mr. Adrian Beecham requires is not advertisement, but education. If he is to be surrounded by a crowd of admiring relatives and friends and constantly pushed into the limelight, then all hope of his developing into an artist of any value is gone. At present he shows a tiny vein of musical talent with the intellectual development of an infant. He should now retire into the background, humbly contemplate the immense gulf between himself and all the composers of the past who have been any good, and do all he can to learn the elements of his craft. Every artist has got to be a craftsman first; he has got to master the technique of his job up to that point when technique and content become one. Mr. Adrian Beecham is a lifetime away from that point, and everyone will conspire to keep him at that distance.

I should like to say a few words on the method a composer should adopt in setting a text to music. "The Merchant of Venice" was advertised as "set to music"; it was also described as an opera. Mr. Beecham stuck to Shakespeare's text and made only a few cuts. The words were set with, on the whole, a praiseworthy sensitiveness to the natural rhythm of the verse. The more refractory passages were spoken without music. I thought there should have been a great deal more spoken dialogue, but this would have reduced the music to too subsidiary a position. I cannot but think that it is a great mistake to set Shakespeare, or the work of any good dramatist, to music. Naturally a good drama attracts a musician because, from the theatrical point of view, it is so much more likely to be successful, but why this scrupulous regard for the exact text? I believe the old principle of completely rewriting the libretto from an operatic point of view to be absolutely sound. In an opera the text is comparatively unimportant. It is the plot that is important. People do not understand that the poet clothes the plot with words as the musician clothes it with music. To retain the words with the music is just as though a woman were to

put on two dresses at once in the hope of greater effectiveness. In an operatic libretto the words are mere guide-posts, mere signs of the direction of the plot. If they are more than that, if they are in themselves beautiful, if they are an æsthetic whole, a work of art, then they can only collide and clash with the music, which is another and quite distinct work of art. Most people cannot see this, since most people

"THE CABARET GIRL," AT THE WINTER GARDEN.

MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH and his partner, Mr. Malone, deserve their luck at the Winter Garden Theatre. They take such pains to please; they never scamp their work. Half the success which their new musical comedy, "The Cabaret Girl," is sure to achieve will be due to the fact that it was from the

first what such a thing ought to be; that it had been properly rehearsed, so that there was not a single hitch at the *première*; that it has pace and lively music, and a good enough story, as well as gorgeous dresses; the right sort of opportunities for its two chief comedians, who play beautifully into each other's hands; and any amount of excellent dancing. Its one weak point is the absence of any first-rate vocalist, but there is so much verve about the dance-turns and the rollicking strains Mr. Jerome Kern has provided for them that the lack of good singing goes almost unnoticed. Nor has the temporary withdrawal of Mr. Leslie Henson from the cast had any serious effect on the new play's chances, a capital substitute having been found in Mr. Norman Griffin. He and Mr. Grossmith as the music-firm partners, Messrs. Grippe and Gravvins, keep the ball of fun rolling with never a moment's lapse into dullness; and to hear "G. G." telling his audience that "poverty is the banana-skin on the doorstep of romance" is to appreciate how even nonsense can be made into a fine art. Both these comedians dance with mercurial energy—Mr. Grossmith in partnership with that now established favourite, Miss Dorothy Dickson; while Mr. Griffin is drollest, perhaps, in the Cabaret troupe's wild and whirling sextette, which makes every dancer in front long to join in. Miss Dickson is above all a dancer, and gives as heroine a variety of graceful exhibitions of her powers; but she is run close in popularity by Miss Heather Thatcher, who seems made of wires in this production, and acts a quaint part with refreshing gusto. The dresses, many of which have been designed by Princess Andrew of Russia, are consistently charming.

(Other Playhouse Notes on Page 524.)



"LISTENING-IN" BETWEEN THE ACTS OF "DECAMERON NIGHTS": MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS WITH HER GECOPHONE RECEIVING-SET AT DRURY LANE.

Miss Ellis Jeffreys, who plays the Lady Violante in "Decameron Nights," at Drury Lane, is a wireless enthusiast. She has a two-valve Gecophone receiving-set installed at the theatre, and beguiles the waits between the acts by listening-in.

are dead to the art of words (which is poetry), because words are used in quite another way in their daily lives. They are used purely intellectually as sign-posts, just as they are used in "Bradshaw," or in a science manual, and in the proper operatic libretto. But as people become more sensitive to these distinctions, they will not tolerate a musician murdering Shakespeare's poetry with music. We have only to put it the other way round to see the truth of this. What fool would try to set Beethoven's music to words?

while Mr. Griffin is drollest, perhaps, in the Cabaret troupe's wild and whirling sextette, which makes every dancer in front long to join in. Miss Dickson is above all a dancer, and gives as heroine a variety of graceful exhibitions of her powers; but she is run close in popularity by Miss Heather Thatcher, who seems made of wires in this production, and acts a quaint part with refreshing gusto. The dresses, many of which have been designed by Princess Andrew of Russia, are consistently charming.



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THE NEW ORNITHOLOGY.

NOT so very long ago I promised, in this column, to say something about the "New Ornithology," particularly in so far as it affects the study of British birds. Up till comparatively recently, the chief aim, if not the only aim, of the "ornithologist" was to collect male birds in breeding plumage, and always, and especially, *rare* birds.

The famous Booth Collection at Brighton may be taken as the high-water mark achieved by this type of ornithologist. Booth was a wealthy enthusiast, who would have no birds in his collection that he had not himself shot, and would travel post-haste to any part of the British Isles to shoot a "rare" bird. But he had his birds magnificently mounted, reproducing as exactly as possible the natural surroundings belonging to the spot where his trophies were killed. It was Booth, indeed, who laid the foundations of the wonderful series of British birds in their breeding-haunts which are now to be seen in the British Museum of Natural History.

But, besides the Booth Collection, there were many others, scattered up and down the country, less sumptuously treated, and with less of the personal element in their collecting, most of the specimens being acquired by purchase from local gunners, who often realised ridiculous sums for rarities. I have known of cases where as much as £20 has been paid for a Sabine's gull, and £10 for a blue-throated warbler! These were the "gems" of the collection, and rival collectors vied with one another in acquiring such specimens.

Men of this stamp, however, as might be supposed, knew really very little of the habits of the birds they collected, and did not even suspect that there could be any possible interest in the study of seasonal changes of plumage, or of the plumages of the females and young: or, again, of the study of the nestling.

These are all-important matters with the ornithologist of to-day. Owing to the minuteness with which he studies his specimens, he has been able to

show that our British birds are, in nearly every case, more or less readily distinguishable from Continental examples of the same species. He has, in short, demonstrated the existence of "Geographical Races." He can tell you not merely the differences between any

given British bird and its counterpart on the Continent, but he can similarly demonstrate the existence of geographical races on the Continent. And this applies not merely to resident, but also to migratory, species. The existence of the Hebridean thrush, the Irish coal-tit, and the St. Kilda wren are among the more striking examples of these "local races" or "sub-species."

The recognition of these "sub-species," often distinguishable only by experts, has been made possible only by long and laborious study, and the examination of large series of specimens, not merely of British birds, but also of their Continental counterparts. These, indeed, were essential to the results obtained.

Is any useful purpose served, it may be asked, by this multiplication of species and sub-species? A little consideration will show that it has resulted in knowledge of the highest importance, not only to the student of British birds, but to ornithologists at large. More than this, it has furnished some extremely valuable evidence for the "evolutionist"

and those who are concerned with the study of the geographical distribution of animals.

What exactly are the factors which have given our British birds their peculiar characteristics we have yet to discover. But, for the moment, we may attribute them broadly to "isolation" and "physiological selection," which Romanes, years ago, insisted had played a very important part in forming new species. For whether we examine sedentary species from the middle of England, from Ireland, or some one or other of the small islands of the Hebrides, or whether we examine our migratory species which winter in Africa, the result is the same. It is the same again when we compare, say, our British song-thrush with the song-thrush which comes to spend the winter with us from Scandinavia. The Scandinavian thrush returns to the land of its birth to breed, and hence breeds only with individuals sharing, in greater or less degree, the same characteristics, due, as in the case of our own birds, to *Nature* as well as to *nurture*—two things which are

(Continued overleaf.



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Goondiwindi was on the line of totality of the solar eclipse of September 21, and was one of the stations chosen for taking observations. The work there was in charge of Professor E. J. Cooke, of Sydney University, Government Astronomer. A galvanised-iron building was erected, and fitted with a telescope and photographic apparatus. The eclipse lasted 3½ minutes, and cinematograph photographs were taken. The chief object was to test (by photographs of adjacent stars) Einstein's theory that light is bent by gravitation. (See Illustration, Page 501.)



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Continued.
inextricably mixed, but nevertheless real. But the good work of the "New Ornithology" does not begin and end here. During the last few years moulting birds, nestling birds, and birds in immature plumage have been most minutely studied, and a rich harvest has resulted. Considerations of space forbid a lengthy analysis of what has been done in this field, but one or two items may be cited as examples.

Turn over the pages of the newest of British bird-books—"The Practical Handbook of British Birds"—and you will find many instances of what is known as the "recapitulation theory": that is to say, of the reappearance of ancestral characters in the young, which disappear more or less completely in the adult. Such characters abound in the embryonic history, but many are also found in later stages of development. The plumage affords many striking instances of this.

Take, as a less familiar example, the case of the outermost primary of the wing. In the typical wing there are eleven primary quills, but the innermost, or eleventh quill, always shows evidence of degeneration. Often it is reduced to the condition of a mere vestige, and in many has been suppressed altogether. And where this is the case the tenth feather is reduced in size, and similarly, in many species, survives only in a vestigial form—hence the so-called "nine-primaried Passeres."

In the "Practical Handbook," the wings of an immature and of an adult wryneck are shown. In the latter the outermost quill is of considerable size; in the adult it is reduced almost to vanishing point. Here, then, we have a fleeting ancestral character which vanishes after the first moult.

Did the space at my disposal permit, instances of this kind could be cited by the dozen. But enough has surely been said to show that, at last, the pursuit of ornithology is following strictly scientific lines, gaining thereby immensely in interest and usefulness.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

"STONES BROKEN FROM THE ROCKS."

A NEW book by Hawker of Morwenstow, the Cornish poet, who wrote the famous "Song of the Western Men" and "The Quest of the Sangraal," is sure of a wide welcome from those acquainted with his "Cornish Ballads" and "Footprints of Former Men in Far Cornwall," as well as the story of his own



WITH CHIMNEYS MODELLED ON CHURCH TOWERS AND HIS MOTHER'S TOMB: HAWKER'S VICARAGE AT MORWENSTOW—AN ILLUSTRATION IN "STONES BROKEN FROM THE ROCKS," THE NEW SELECTION FROM HIS THOUGHT-DIARY.

Morwenstow Vicarage, built in 1837 by the famous Cornish parson-poet, R. S. Hawker, is one of the curiosities of architecture. "The chimneys," he wrote, "are models of towers of parish churches where we before had lived. The kitchen chimney perplexed me very much, till I bethought me of my mother's tomb; and there it is, in its exact shape and dimensions."—[Photograph by S. Thorn, Bude.]

picturesque and original personality contained in the "Life and Letters of R. S. Hawker." The appearance of the new work from his pen—"Stones Broken from the Rocks" (Blackwell, Oxford, 4s. 6d. net)—may also cause some surprise, when it is remembered that Hawker died as long ago as 1875. We can only say, "Better late than never," and thank Mr. Blackwell for saving from oblivion a thought-diary of such un-

common interest. The fact is that Hawker left behind him a mass of note-books and manuscripts, containing short entries on all sorts of subjects, records of ideas and reading, made day by day in his remote parsonage during the forty-one years that he was Vicar of Morwenstow. The present selection is only a small part of the whole, and may be the precursor of others. It is the result of collaboration between Mr. E. R. Appleton, editor of the *Beacon*, in which extracts from the MSS. recently appeared, and of Mr. C. E. Byles, Hawker's son-in-law and biographer. Religion is the main motive of this volume, not religion of a conventional type, but in a form highly poetic, symbolic, and imaginative. Hawker was an explorer in the world of spirit, the mysterious borderland between mind and matter, and his thought has much in common with the modern quests of psychical inquiry. It touches, too, the discoveries of science in a way that gives a spiritual significance to things like electricity and telegraphy. He would have revelled in the wonders of wireless! His imagination soared beyond the stars, and he strove to express, in terms of Christian philosophy, the nature of the impalpable element in which human and divine communicate.

Several improvements are to be effected in the Continental services from and to Victoria (S.E. and C.R.). The Folkestone-Flushing service, with its daylight sea passage, will, from Oct. 2, leave Victoria at 8.50 a.m., and, in spite of its twenty minutes later departure, the arrivals at Rotterdam, Amsterdam, Cologne, Berlin, Munich, and Hamburg will be unchanged. In the reverse direction the service from Flushing will arrive at Victoria at 9.5 p.m., one hour earlier than at present. The French and Italian Riviéras will become more accessible on Oct. 8 by a through daily service at 11 a.m. from Victoria (S.E. and C.R.). The Calais-Riviera carriage, in which seats can be reserved at Victoria, will serve not only Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo, and Mentone, but also Ventimiglia.



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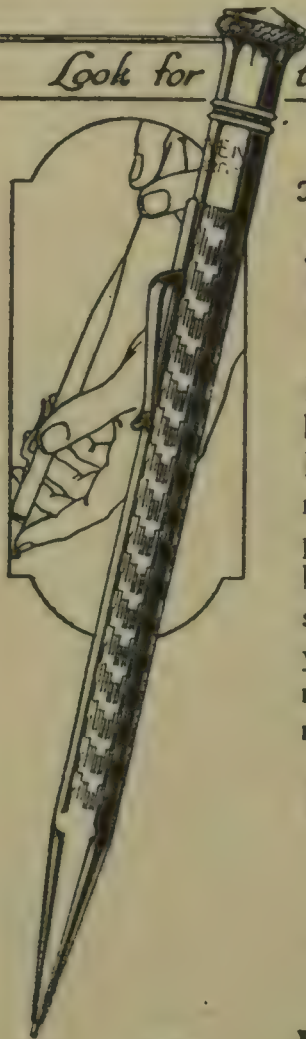
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Examination
for the Driving
License.

A statement was recently issued by the Ministry of Transport dealing with the causes, so far as they were ascertainable, of a number of motor accidents which have occurred during the past twelve months. A considerable proportion of the accidents under review were, in the opinion of the Ministry's inspectors, caused through the incompetence or negligence of the drivers concerned. This report, or whatever it is, seems to have given a new lease of life to the agitation, which spasmodically springs up in certain of the daily newspapers, for examination as to competence of all applicants for driving licenses. I had really thought that, in view of the pronouncements of the Ministry of Transport itself, and of other authorities who have given the matter their close attention over a long period of years, that the last word had been said in this admittedly contentious matter. It is as impossible as it is unnecessary to impose any such test—impossible, because of the enormous cost of the army of officials and doctors who would be required to carry out effectively any real scheme of examination; and unnecessary, because it is by no means provable that it would tend to make for public safety. I think I have before pointed out in these pages that you cannot examine any person's temperament—and this question of accident is much more bound up with that particular human quality than with anything else. A person may be perfectly competent, mechanically and otherwise, to drive any car at almost any speed, so long as things are normal, and yet fail, through temperamental defects, when a real emergency arises. But perhaps the discussion of this subject is bootless, since it has been settled more or less finally by the Ministry of Transport itself, which has given



BESIDE THE CROSS AT ILAM, STAFFORDSHIRE:
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its decision against the scheme which an uninformed section of the Press is demanding.

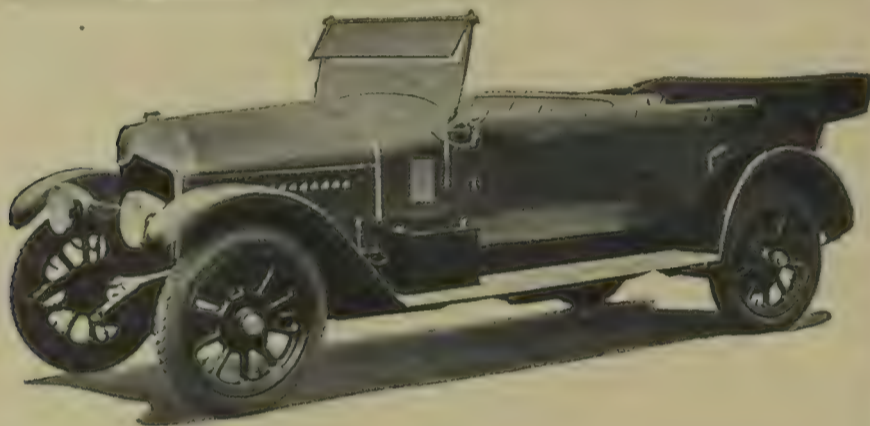
Testing for
Electrical Trouble.

There is literally no end to the number of accessories which make their appearance and their appeal to the motorist. Many of these are useful, some are

purely ornamental, while some are a nuisance and not worth possessing. During the year I try a great many of each kind. A few I preserve and guard with jealous care; but most, I am afraid, disappear into a corner of the motor-house which is kept for the segregation of the things for which I have no further use.

One little accessory of which I have recently become possessed is not going to meet that fate, for I regard it as being one of the most useful things I have seen for a considerable time. It is known as the Brolt spark-tester. It is no larger than a fountain-pen, and looks rather like one. It is essentially simple in construction, consisting as it does of a glass tube filled with neon gas, which has the property of flashing when electrified. The vulcanite case which encloses the tube has a brass cap, and there is a hole in the side which exposes a small section of the tube to view. When the brass cap is placed in contact with one of the plugs—while the engine is running, of course—regular orange-coloured flashes are seen through the little window, assuming that the ignition is in perfect order so far as concerns the plug under test. If the flashes are very bright, it indicates that the plug-points are too far apart, the remedy being obvious. Intermittent flashes naturally show that there is something wrong either with the plug or the wire. If the instrument is drawn along one of the high-tension wires, it will flash if there is a leak, so that it is possible to test right away down from the plugs to the distributor.

It is really astonishing how many little electrical faults can be discovered by the aid of so simple an instrument; and as it costs a mere trifle of 6s., it seems to be something which ought to find a place in the equipment of every motorist. W. W.



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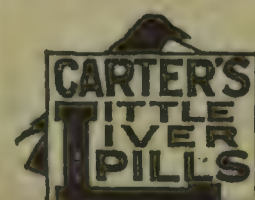
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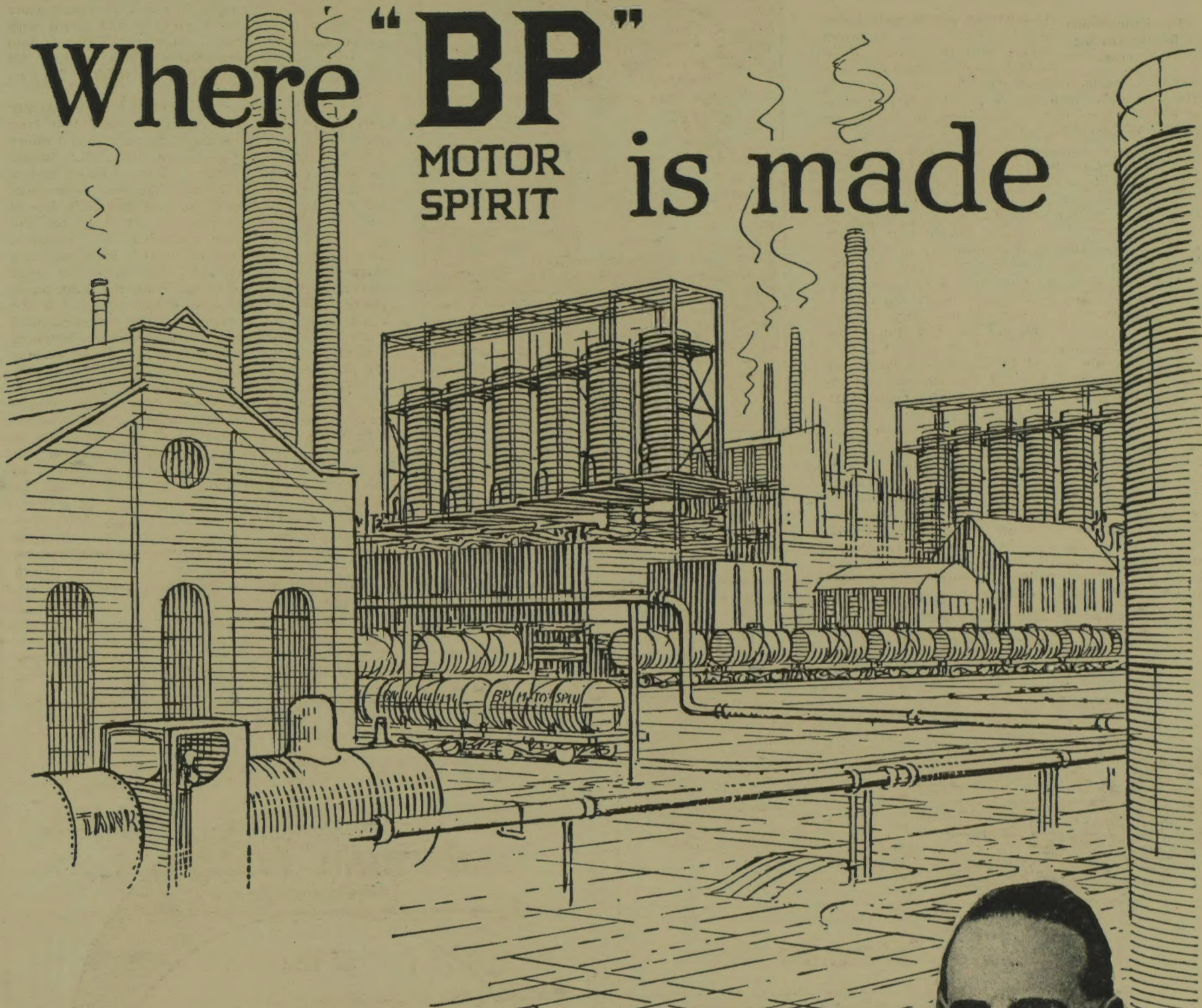


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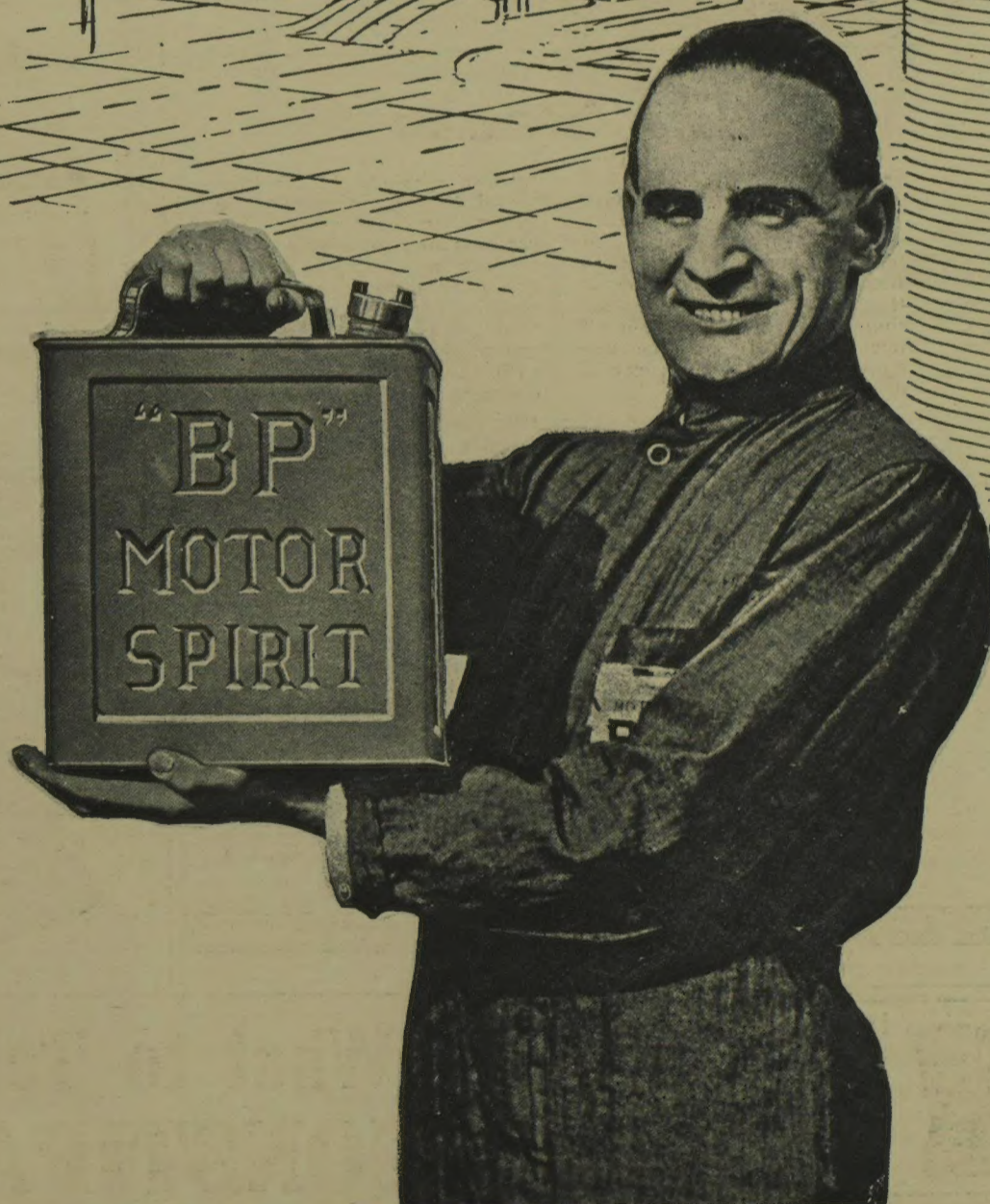
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"CHARLES I." AT THE AMBASSADORS.

WHAT is there in Will's "Charles I." that can justify its revival at this time of day—long after the death of the great actor whose *tour-de-force* in the title-role alone made the production of the piece worth while when it was a novelty? The answer must surely be that there is nothing. It is not necessary to re-emphasise at this date the play's travesty of history and its libel on Cromwell; but even as a piece of stage sentimentalism it was never more than a mediocre affair, having its passages of rhetoric and its scenes of domestic pathos, but owing its attraction, apart from Henry Irving himself, to its copying of Van Dyck costumes and figures. Irving, thanks to the magnetism of his personality, lifted the play to a level which it never reached by its own merits; and even he could not prevent it from being sometimes tedious. There is no Irving to mask its weaknesses to-day. In place of him we have Mr. Russell Thorndike, a young actor with brains and also with courage, as was evidenced recently by his attacking, at the Old Vic., the long-winded and taxing part of Peer Gynt. Handicapped by the possession of none too musical a voice, he is not at his best in the more lyrical passages of the King, which he delivers far too deliberately; but elsewhere he puts thought, and even fire, into his acting, and it is not his fault that in addressing older playgoers he has to fight against their memories of the genius who was his predecessor.

"THE SCANDAL" AT THE NEW.

To those superior folk who, in defiance of all the signs of the times, vaunt the superiority of the French stage to our own, the production of Henry Bataille's play "The Scandal" should be an eye-opener. The piece is fourteen years old, it is true, but it was written in Bataille's prime, and its dead author still has a great reputation in France. But what do we find when we approach this play, as Englished by Lady Bell in what seems to be a faithful enough transcription? Plentiful ingenuity in the devising of situation after situation, but everything else sacrificed to such tricks; no talent left over for the portraying of reasonable and consistent characters. What is worse, some of the situations are ridiculously silly, and only the audacity and architectonic skill of the playwright save them from the laughter of any self-respecting



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audience. A wife's momentary lapse into infidelity is the hackneyed topic, but see how M. Bataille handles it! The cause of the trouble between husband and wife, one Artemazzo, a Spanish sirger, is shown in one act as a mercenary blackguard, and in another as quite a decent and sympathetic figure. The heroine is made to indulge in one long series of explosions of nerves, never suggests a woman capable of sex adventure, and blunders repeatedly in tact and tactics—you do not believe in her any more than in her lover. But it is the husband who carries off the palm for fatuousness. Imagine it—he has summoned family, servants, neighbours, to hear him denounce the wife who has dishonoured him; at the very moment of disclosure and in the height of his tirade he changes his purpose: all this assemblage of auditors, all his agitation and frenzy, have no other object, he would have it understood, than the announcement that his young son has been expelled from school and that he forgives the little scamp. It says much for Mr. Leslie Faber's emotional power that he should have carried through triumphantly on the first night a scene that was so absurd a piece of fake—so triumphantly that he received a wild ovation. But if Miss Sybil Thorndike thought she had found a vehicle for her fine talents in "The Scandal," she was mistaken and must look elsewhere. The insincerity of the play seems to make her overact the part of the heroine; there is too much of the Grand Guignol in her displays of nerves. More lucky is Miss Rosina Filippi, who is delightful as an old peasant woman, the one live creature in the play.

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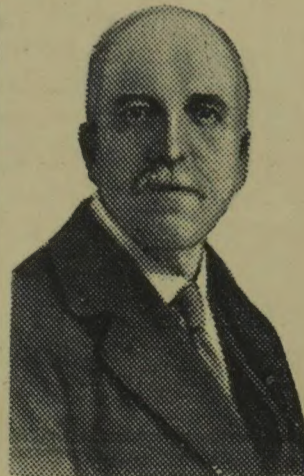
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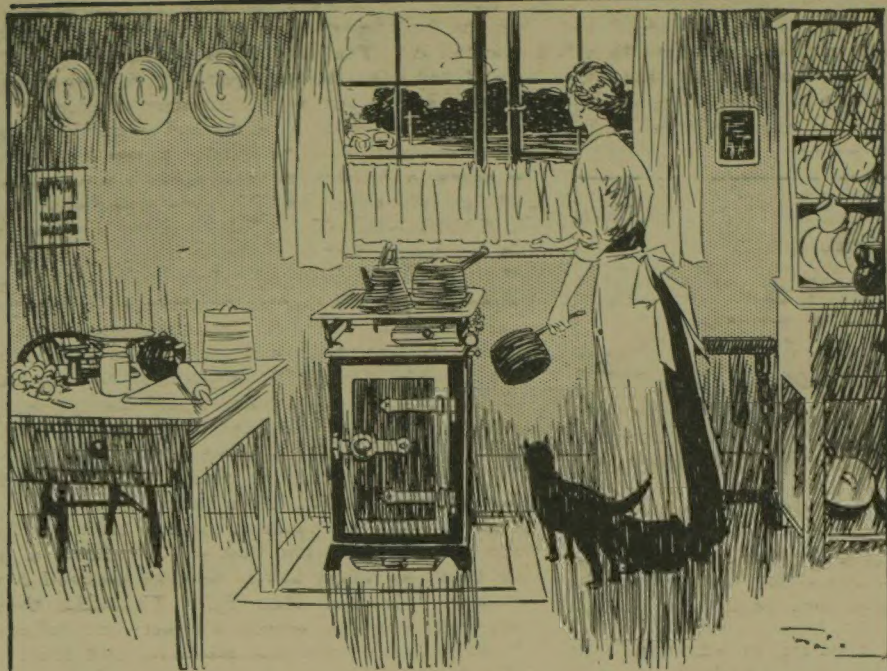
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tube which is going to revolutionise the morning and night mouth toilet. No more searching under baths, or window ledges, or in dressing - gown pockets for the elusive cap.



THE CAPTIVE CAP

is here, right on the tube; it can't get lost and it stays in any position you put it. When you've finished with Kolynos give a gentle shake and the captive cap falls into its place. Two turns and the Kolynos is secure, safe against deterioration.

There's no extra charge for the captive cap which is fitted to the tube you buy at the chemist. Kolynos always has been perfect, and now the tube is perfect too.

KOLYNOS is best used
on a DRY BRUSH.

KOLYNOS IS MADE IN ENGLAND.

Messrs. KOLYNOS INCORPORATED,
Chenies Street, London, W.C. 1.

Please send me a free sample tube of
KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM.

Mr., Mrs., or Miss.....

Address.....

L.L.N. 30/9/22.

POST
THIS
COUPON
TO-DAY.

1/2d. stamp
on an
open
envelope.



YOUR Hair's Cross Roads.

HAIR "HEALTH" OR HAIR "ILL-HEALTH"?

"Harlene Hair-Drill" Free Offer to ONE MILLION READERS.

Magnificent 7-Day Four-Fold Hair Growing and Hair Beautifying Gift (See Coupon).

ARE you at, or approaching, your Hair's Cross Roads? If so, which road will you take?

The Road of Indifference and Neglect, which leads to Hair "Ill-Health," or the "Harlene" Road, which leads to "Hair-Health" and Beauty.

To encourage everyone who suffers in any way from:—Falling Hair, Greasy Scalp, Splitting Hair, Dank and Lifeless Hair, Scurf, Over-Dry Scalp, Thinning Hair, or Baldness, to adopt the Road to "Hair Health," it has been decided to present, absolutely **FREE** to the first 1,000,000 readers, a magnificent 7-day Four-Fold Hair-Growing and Hair-Beautifying Outfit. Everyone who suffers in any way

the hair you possess will have taken on a lovely lustre which will have multiplied its beauty by 200 per cent. at least.

This glossy lustre is in itself a sign that "Harlene Hair-Drill" is doing your hair good.

The possession of beautiful hair is nine points of the Law of Beauty. To a woman it is vital. To a man it is equally necessary.

**IF YOU VALUE YOUR HAIR
WRITE NOW.**

If by the expenditure of a little time—just about two minutes daily—it is possible to acquire real hair-health and beauty, surely it is folly to refuse or even to hesitate a single moment in taking the first step to secure it.

Post this coupon at once **TO-DAY**, enclosing 4d. in stamps to cover cost of packing and return carriage to your own door, no matter where you may reside.



to the maintenance of gloriously beautiful tresses. Famous Society Beauties, Leading Actresses, and Cinema Queens are renowned for their lovely hair—in fact, most of them say their hair is largely responsible for their popular success—and they gladly tell how their tresses have been made thick and luxurious by the wonderful two-minutes-a-day "Harlene Hair-Drill."

YOU, too, can have glorious hair—hair with a wondrous sheen—masses of soft, wavy hair pulsating with life, by posting **AT ONCE** the coupon for one of the 1,000,000 "Harlene Hair Health" and Beauty Outfits.

Each of these magnificent **FREE** Gifts contains the following, sufficient for a 7-days' trial:—

1. A bottle of "Harlene" for the Hair, acknowledged and used throughout the world as the most stimulating and beautifying tonic-food for the hair.
2. A packet of "Cremex" Shampoo. This is an antiseptic purifier which thoroughly cleanses the hair and scalp of all scurf, etc., and prepares the hair for the "Hair-Drill" treatment. You should avoid greasy, hair-matting, coconut oils.
3. A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."
4. A Copy of the new edition of the secret "Hair-Drill" Manual of Instruction, which gives you the secrets of hair-health and beauty as revealed by the world's leading authority on the hair.

**"HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" MAKES YOU
LOOK YEARS YOUNGER.**

It is only to be expected that this unique Gift will be gratefully accepted and appreciated by the million and more men and women workers. They will find that "Harlene Hair-Drill" cultivates and preserves the hair against all unhealthy conditions; that it makes the poorest hair thick, luxuriant and glossy; that it overcomes all hair troubles, and makes a man, woman or girl look years younger and doubly attractive, by improving both the quality and quantity of their hair.

**WONDERFUL EFFECT OF SEVEN
DAYS' "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL."**

Just practise "Harlene Hair-Drill" for a week. At the end of seven days there will be no comparing the condition of your hair with the "poor state" it was in before you commenced. Under "Harlene Hair-Drill" action



After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d. and 4s. 9d. per bottle; "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle; "Cremex" Shampoo powders at 1s. 6d. per box of seven shampoos (single packets 3d. each); and "Astol" at 3s. and 5s. per bottle, from Chemists and Stores all over the world.

"HARLENE" FREE GIFT FORM

Detach and post to **EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd.**, 20, 22, 24 & 26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1.
Dear Sirs,—Please send me your free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as described above. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address. *Illus. London News, 30/9/22.*

NOTE TO READER.

Write your **FULL** name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

N.B.—If your hair is GREY, enclose extra 2d. stamp—6d. in all—and a FREE bottle of "Astol" for Grey Hair will also be sent you.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO THE GREY-HAIRED.

If your hair is Grey, Faded, or quickly losing its Colour, you should try at once the wonderful new liquid compound, "Astol," a remarkable discovery which gives back to grey hair new life and colour in a quick and natural manner. You can try "Astol" free of charge by enclosing an extra 2d. stamp for the postage and packing of the "Harlene Hair-Drill" parcel—i.e., 6d. stamps in all—when, in addition to the splendid 4-Fold Gift described in this announcement, a trial bottle of "Astol" will also be included absolutely free of charge.